

THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



THE HOSTESS OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD.

The advent of the first Labour Government will mean—among other things—that a young girl of twenty will be the hostess at the historic No. 10, Downing Street, and at Chequers; for Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Prime Minister of the Labour Party, is a widower, and Miss Ishbel Macdonald, his elder daughter,

will act as hostess for him. She returned to King's College for the Spring Term recently, where she is studying domestic science; but now she has the chance of putting her knowledge into practice by running the Premier's household. She has decided that No. 10 is "nice, but complicated."



TO-DAY'S TALK ON DRESSING TO MUSIC.*

HERE is a certain type of person who will argue about anything under the sun; but even that individual will not deny, I take it, that the worst hour of the day is the first.

Waking up, getting up, and dressing up: these are the things that make people old

before their time.

Ameliorate them as you may with cups of tea, and letters, and newspapers, and telephone calls, they have got to be faced

in the end by everybody except the bed-ridden, or those people who voluntarily take to their beds and never leave them.

Some people are so afraid of the first hour that they postpone it as long as possible. Others are so afraid of it that they fly to the other extreme and get up at four in the morning.

All this is foolishness. The

first hour of the day cannot be shirked, but you can make it much gayer than it is at present if you illustrate it, so to

speak, with music.

If I were a millionaire, I should have a string band to play me awake, play to me while I shaved and bathed, play for my morning dance, and play whilst I dressed. But millionaires seldom seem to make the jolliest use of their money.

Those of us who are not millionaires (at present) must be content with the gramophone. Take the gramophone up to your bed-room overnight, put in a new needle, wind it up, get some soothing but bright record ready, and switch on before you drink your morn-

Any properly trained maid could do this for you. After a very few mornings she would do it automatically-draw up the blinds, place the tea on the table by the bed-side, switch on the gramophone, and retire.

It would make a difference to your correspondence, and even to your morning newspaper. On a dull morning your spirits would rise the moment the music started: on a fine morning the cheerful strains would send you nearly mad with joy.

Shaving is a bore. Most people think very hard whilst they are shaving, which is a great mistake. The brain is not really ready for so much strenuous thought. Too much blood rushes to the head, and the consequence of that will be an ill-digested breakfast. I have known people to think so hard

whilst shaving that they had to leave off shaving and rush to the telephone. Fatal. If they manage to talk successfully on the telephone at that hour, the party they ring up will probably receive their views in a spirit of hostility.

Shave to music. You will need a safety-razor, of course, but I take it that most people use safety-razors these days.

Bathing to music is rather awkward unless you have somebody to keep the machine going. I would not say that it is absolutely

necessary to bathe to music. The bath,

FILM STAR AND STAGE FAVOURITE: MISS PEGGY WORTH.

Miss Peggy Worth is the well-known American film star and stage favourite. Not long ago she was seen at Brighton in the title-rôle of "Peggy, Be Careful," where she made a great success, and she hopes to appear in London some time this year .- [Photograph by James Hargis Connelly.]

after all, is the one bright spot in the first

After the bath comes the greatest value of the gramophone. Keep your bed-room as clear as possible for this wonderful moment.

Having dried yourself-not too carefullyyou turn on the merriest fox-trot or one-step in your répertoire, and dance for at least ten minutes in your birthday suit.

Muller is nothing to it. Muller is excellent, but dull. You will never again bother about your Muller exercises when you have once tried dancing after the bath.

You feel as light as a feather. You bound from end to end of the room! You pirouette! You execute steps that astonish you, and would astonish anybody who saw you. The one pity is, in a way, that nobody does see you.

You must wave your arms about. Think of that famous picture, "Greek Girls Playing Ball." You remember the one I mean.

Well, emulate that. Try to float through the air. Fling your towel to the ceiling and leap after it.

And if the machine runs down, wind it up again, and start the record once more from the outside edge.

Don't bother about changing the needle. I have found, after steadily refusing to change the needle, that it is largely a superstition.

I need hardly warn you that the members of your household, and your neighbours when they get to hear of it, will think you have gone mad. What does that matter? If you continue to get younger and younger whilst they get older and older, and if you continue to eat a hearty breakfast whilst they continue to gulp tea and glare at the paper, what does it matter to you what they think about your brains? You are the winner all the time.

I don't want to introduce too serious a note into this Talk. My bane is that I am a serious person, and I am always trying to fight against it. Let us keep

on the light side.

But I should just like to urge on those gentlemen who have our fortunes and the fortunes of this great Empire in their hands the value of dancing after the morning bath. I am quite certain that if Mr. Clynes and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald would devote ten minutes each morning to emulating Greek girls playing ball, the while the gramophone merrily tinkled out, "Ain't Got a Minute," or "Kiss Mamma, Kiss Papa," they would bring to their great and momentous tasks lighter hearts, clearer brains, and a kindlier feeling for all those self-

ish rascals who have managed to put together a little money for the evening of their days.

I am quite aware that this article will lead to an enormous demand for gramophones, so I should like to say that I hold no shares in any mechanical reproducing company. I do not even possess a gramo-phone of my own. The one to which I dance after the bath is, alas! borrowed.

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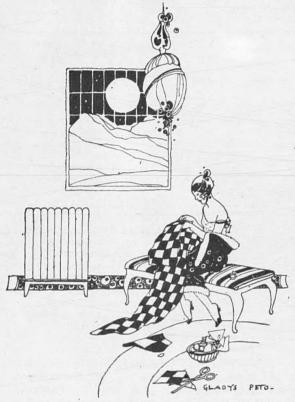
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Cottenham, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Alexander. Lord Castlemaine, and one or two others.

"Then there is Ciro's, where Sawyer and Margaret Roberts may be seen. She has a very clever jade-green frock, with rows of feather fronds alternating light and dark, in squares. Her dancing with Sawyer is rather more acrobatic than some of the



3. Sewing very diligently from midnight to dawn, she achieved a splendid dress.

ball-room pairs', and he whirls her about and swings her round with great vigour.

As for our well-knowns, General Pershing was dancing at Ciro's one evening, and no one does it better than he. The Americans can seldom be beaten in a ball-room, whatever their age. Not, of course, that the General is anything but young, in spite of

his exalted rank!
"When we are on the subject of dancing, our craze for it emphasises the fact that the long skirt is dead, for the only people who appear in it are two obvious Englishwomen who are wearing clothes from home with commendable patriotism! As for the new styles—I haven't seen any. Our smartest women are in the tight, short, sleeveless garments we have favoured for some time. In fact, what someone called the 'embroidered potato-sack' model, still holds first place.

"The Sporting Club is a good place to have a look round if you want to find your friends, for, somehow, everyone from all along the coast seems to put in an appearance there at some time or another. Lady Wavertree, for one, came over from Cannes, just for one day, and brought Mrs. Percy Bennett with her, not long ago. The former, looking very warmly clad in a fur-trimmed coat, sat gambling for quite a while at the 100francs minimum trente - et - quarante, and motored back to Cannes before dinner,

"There are not many girls down herethere never are, of course; but a new and very lovely arrival is Lady Ursula Grosvenor, who has been staying on board the Flying Cloud with the Duchess of Westminster. Her first evening she dined at the Paris with her father and stepmother, and after-wards went into the Sporting with them. The Duke has, by now, gone back to England, and was dancing at Lamb's Club the other

night, by the way. Lady Ursula is very noticeable wherever she goes, as she is so tall, almost matching 'Bend Or' in height, and is dazzlingly fair. One night she looked particularly well in black velvet banded with fur; and another time she appeared in a cinnamon-coloured Spanish shawl. The only other well-known English girls seen about are Miss Rosemary and Miss Violet

But to return to London doings. There was great excitement about the Epstein sculptures, and so many people at the Leicester Galleries on the Private View day that the only method of progress was to allow oneself to be pushed about like paint being squeezed out of a tube, and to trust that sooner or later you might find yourself rubbing noses with a bust. The sculpture was worth the discomfort, however: all done with amazing vitality and insight. But I wish he wouldn't so often choose low-brow women as his models. Really, the interest in some of the portraits is as much anthropological as artistic! The Elsa Lanchester one is very beautiful. the talented girl who draws all the Bohemian celebrities of London to her cabaret, the Cave of Harmony, in Soho. Her dancing is no less famous than her wonderful red Her dancing hair, and she does delightful little woodcuts for her programmes.

But the gem of the show is the Cunninghame Graham bust-a marvellous thing, all compounded of spirit, intelligence, and romance. He himself was at the show, being congratulated on the success of the bust, just as though he had made it. Which, in a way, he has!

Another model was there, too-little Peggy Jean, Epstein's golden-haired daughter, who was being herded by her mother in a small oasis in the middle of the room between several busts, and rejoicing openly at seeing so many "uncles" in one afternoon.

The visitors were an odd mixture of Mayfair and the Café Royal; and from the point of view of mere picturesqueness, the Café Royal won, which it doesn't often do. But when Mayfair tries to look all alike in long black coats and policeman hats, while the Café Royal is Russian and Spanish and Augustus Johnnish, or Gypsy, or whatever it thinks best suits it—why, the victory is easy! It was difficult to see anybody in

the crowd, but Mme. de Landa, smart as ever, in black and brown, was there; also Lady Erleigh, Lady Pearson, Lady Carnwath, Lady Denman, and Mr. Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley.

Sunday nights are full of theatrical activities. One of the most notable was the recent Playbox gala performance at the St. Martin's Theatre. "Gruach," by Gordon Bottomley, hadn't much of the gala spirit, but Lascelles Abercrombie's "Phœnix" had enough to supply any lack of it! "Disgusting," an old man near me declared at the first "classical" joke; but he kept his seat bravely, and soon was laughing with the

best of us. It was great fun for grown-ups, and Mary Clare as Rhodope, in her scanty draperies of blue and gold over cerise, looked so splendidly beautiful that we went home almost decided to forswear our flat board outlines and to cultivate curves againalmost, but not quite!

Sybil Thorndike played Gruach (who is our old friend Lady Macbeth before her marriage) in a gold wig, and did it with the necessary strangeness and force. But I think our interest in the play wouldn't have been very great if we hadn't known a good deal about the lady's later history. It was rather like reading the life story of some notorious

person in the less discreet Sunday news-

papers !

The audience had all sorts of celebrities in addition to the two dramatists of the Among actresses there were Conevening. stance Collier (very handsome in a dark-green cloak and gown), Haidee Wright, Isabel Jeans (prettier than ever with her hair shingled), and Lady Wyndham; T. P. O'Connor represented the politicians; and Arnold Bennett, Laurence Binyon, and Harold Brighouse the authors.

Most of these were present the next day at the Stage Society's matinée of "Progress," by C. K. Munro, whose play, "Rumour," was one of the outstanding plays of last year. I won't tell you which famous authordramatist slumbered so peacefully in the stalls, but it wasn't G. Bernard Shaw, who sat with Mrs. Shaw, alert and interested during the whole of the performance, and had generous praise both for the play and for Michael Sherbrooke's notably fine acting at the close.

When "Debrett" goes to a first night nowadays, it is to see a film. The Palace Theatre bristled with titles at the first performance of Angus Buchanan's pictures of his journey across the Sahara—a really good and genuine film, by the way, and taken with no attempt to "show off," as nurseryland expresses it.

Lord Rothschild, who was partly responsible for the success of the expedition, made an opening speech, and Buchanan himself, shyly amused and apologetic at such notoriety, came on the stage to display the famous kilt which he made from a blanket. The Duke of Devonshire and the Duchess of Bedford both took parties; Lady Malcolm had another; and in the audience were to be seen Lord Edward Gleichen, Lord Gerald Wellesley, and Lady Eileen Orde.

As a final bonne bouche, I hear that crowds are still surging in to the Epstein show, and that the visitors express their emotions just as forcibly in their own way as Epstein himself does in bronze. One woman clasped her arms round the neck of one bust and then fainted, falling with her arms still embracing the pedestal. She was said to be the mother of the sitter-but whether her emotion was of delight or anger wasn't explained! MARIEGOLD.

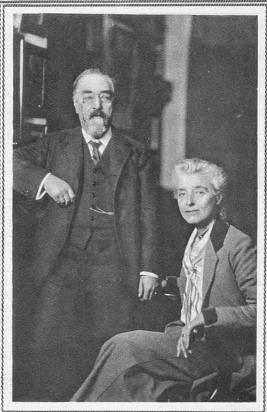


4. But, unfortunately, she was not the only visitor to be intrigued by that lovely roll of checked stuff.

OUR RULERS AT HOME: MEMBERS OF THE



THE UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND HIS DAUGHTER:
MR. ARTHUR A. W. H. PONSONBY AND MISS ELIZABETH PONSONBY.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AND HIS WIFE: MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE MR. AND MRS.



THE LORD PRIVY SEAL AND DEPUTY LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:
MR. J. R. CLYNES, WITH MRS. CLYNES AND HIS FAMILY.



THE HOME SECRETARY AND HIS FAMILY: MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, WITH HIS WIFE, M.P. SONS, AND DAUGHTER.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the new Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is an aristocrat by birth, as he is the third son of the late General the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria. He married the daughter of Sir Hubert Parry, and has one son and one daughter.—Mr. Sidney Webb was at one time a colonial broker's clerk, and was thirteen years a Civil Servant. At one time a member of the L.C.C., he was one of the early members of the Fabian Society. He was Chairman of the Labour Party, 1922-3.—Mr. Stephen Walsh was born in Liverpool. From Kirkdale Industrial School he went to work as a coal miner at Ashton-in-Makerfield, and removed to Wigan as a miners' agent. He has sat for Ince since 1906.—Mr. Snowden is the son of a Keighley weaver. He was a Civil Servant for seven years, but resigned to join the I.L.P., working as a journalist and lecturer.—Mr. Noel Buxton comes

LABOUR GOVERNMENT AND THEIR FAMILIES.



WAR AND HIS WIFE:



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND HIS WIFE: MR. AND MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.



THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND HIS FAMILY: MR. NOEL BUXTON, WITH MRS. BUXTON AND MICHAEL AND LYDIA.



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AND HIS FAMILY: MR. J. H. THOMAS, WITH MRS. THOMAS AND HIS SONS AND DAUGHTERS.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AT HOME: MR. C. P. TREVELYAN, WITH MRS. TREVELYAN AND KITTY, GEORGE, GEOFFREY AND MARJORIE.

an ancient family, and was educated at Trinity, Cambridge. He is the son of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, third Baronet. He was formerly eral Member for Whitby.—Mr. J. R. Clynes is the son of an Irish labourer at Oldham, and worked as a child in a cotton-mill. He is sident of the National Union of General Workers.—Mr. Arthur Henderson was born in Glasgow, and apprenticed to an ironmoulder. He was a eral election agent before joining the Labour Party, of which he has been the greatest organiser. He held office in Mr. Asquith's Government.—

J. H. Thomas started life as an errand-boy; then rose from engine-cleaner to fireman, and, finally, driver on the G.W.R. He is the General retary of the National Union of Railwaymen.—Mr. Trevelyan is the son and heir of the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, and was born in k Lane, and educated at Harrow and Cambridge. He was opposed to the war, and helped to form the Union of Democratic Control.

L.N.A., and Keystone View Co.

A Trio of Weddings and a Theatrical Performance.



"ODYSSEUS" MAKES UP HIS WIFE: MR. J. H CLYNES, JUN., SON OF THE LORD PRIVY SEAL, AND MRS. CLYNES.



TO BE MARRIED ON LEAP-YEAR DAY: THE HON, FAITH PEASE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. MICHAEL WENTWORTH BEAUMONT—AND FRIEND



A BRIDE OF LAST WEEK: LADY ARTHUR BUTLER—FORMERLY MISS J. CARLOS CLARKE.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. SYLVIA HOTHAM AND MR. RALPH ASSHETON: A GROUP INCLUDING BRIDE AND GROOM, BRIDESMAIDS, AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Mr. J. H. Clynes jun., elder son of the new Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader of the House, and his wife, took part in a theatrical performance given by the Half-Circle Club at the London School of Economics last week.—The Hon. Faith Pease is the younger daughter of Lord Gainford. Her marriage to Mr. Michael Wentworth Beaumont, Coldstream Guards, of Wotton House, Aylesbury, son of the late Hon. Hubert Beaumont, is fixed to take place at the Guards' Chapel on Feb. 29.—The marriage of Lord Arthur Butler, M.C., younger son of the Marquess of Ormonde, to Miss Jessie Carlos Clarke, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Carlos Clarke, was fixed to take place at Sunninghill on Jan. 26.—The marriage of the Hon. Sylvia Hotham, elder daughter of the late Lord Hotham, to Mr. Ralph Assheton took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Jocelyn Hotham, the Misses Monica and Eleanor Assheton, the Misses Angela and Jean Hotham, Miss Edwina Drummond, and Miss Katherine Timson. Mr. I. J. Pitman, the Rugby International, was best man, and the officiating clergy included the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Whalley, who is a cousin of the bridegroom.—[Photographs by Hay Wrightson, Vandyk, L.N.A., and Bassano.

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Out with the V.W.H. After the Ball.



THE MEET AT FILKINS HALL: WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITIES OF THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE).

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) met at Filkins Hall, near Alvescot, on the day after their very successful Hunt Ball, held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester. Commander C. A. Codrington, R.N., of Wroughton House,

Swindon, and Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Fuller, D.S.O., are the Joint Masters of the pack, and our photographs show some of the well-known folk who came out on the day after the ball.

The Clubman. By Beveren.

him as the last of the real wits?

social observer described him as the one

bright spot of that rather self-satisfied institution? And did not Mr. Claude Low-

ther, in one of his effervescent moments, class

sparkling sayings, he can mostly be bright,

clever, and amusing-the man of all men to keep a round table free from boredom. Since

he left England Mr. Hicks has despatched those playful messages to the eighty-two-

year-old Sir Squire Bancroft, congratulating

him on his virility and eternal youth, and

suggesting that by the time he returns from

Australia Sir Squire will be almost ripe for

transference from Eton to Oxford or Cam-

bridge. Other friends have received light-

hearted reminders by cable and post. Also

there is a story that just before he embarked

Mr. Hicks encountered an English actor he hadn't seen for some years, and was sur-prised at the fullness of his American accent.

If Mr. Hicks cannot always be flashing out



A Peer, a great business The Irony man, gave, when talking to friends the other day, a of It. peculiarly direct example of the difficulties that may beset men of influence who put in extra effort to obtain work for out-of-work

He was on the Continent when he heard that a shipping contract was about to be issued. He used all his influence to secure the order for the Clyde, and he did get it. It meant a considerable spell of employment for men who were clamouring for it; but within a fortnight a strike was ordered. Some of the leaders were not satisfied that the men were making enough out of the deal. In the end the job was taken elsewhere. The irony of it was that not long afterwards the Peer became the recipient of an appeal for aid for the very men (and their wives and children) who had thrown away the re-

munerative work he had gone to special effort to obtain for them.

Mr. Churchill Mr. Churchill has Self-Educated. come into the political arena again; but in the crisis that hinged upon the fate of Mr. Baldwin's Government Mr. Churchill timed his effort too late. His finely phrased letter was a wasted effort.

There is no denying the inspired style of Mr. Churchill's writings, whether he produces a political manifesto or a brilliant piece of naval or military narrative. The odd thing is that Mr. Churchill did not go through the routine education followed by the majority of our leading men who are trained to statesmanship or to letters at their most impressionable age. A Member of Parliament who knows Mr. Churchill pretty well commented to me upon this fact one day "I remember, last week. "I remember," he said, "reading Mr. Churchill's book, 'My African Journey,' and, as I told him afterwards, he sent me to the dictionary for seven words-

words which, when I looked them up, seemed the only possible ones to explain the author's exact meaning. The employment of little-used words is not, of course, a sign of a complete education. Still, I did ask Mr. Churchill about his days of study. He told me that he left Harrow before he was seventeen, did not go to a University, spent some time with an Army crammer, and entered Sandhurst. It was when he was in India serving in the Army that he did a great deal of the serious reading that since has served him in such stead. Most nights he left the Mess and read for three or four hours; and, as he sometimes says, he is very much of a self-educated man."

The police authorities seem A Club Raid. determined to show an admonitory spirit to the night clubs, well before the thousands of visitors coming to London for the Wembley Exhibition reach this country. Some of the so-called raids at

clubs where it is known the regular visitors include people prominent in the artistic and social worlds are perfunctory affairs, more in the nature of inspections. Still, these police visits get very well advertised, and they show club promoters that the police are keeping an eye upon them. Naturally, divergences from the law revealed on these occasions will meet with punishment; but it is not against the small, wellrun clubs that the warning of these raids is aimed, let alone places like the Embassy, Ciro's, and the Grafton Galleries, which are conducted like the fashionable restaurants. The warning is to the people who run the disreputable haunts-and they have been growing again of late, perhaps because of the money-making possibilities promised by the Exhibition-where bad drink, served at any hour of the night, and women of indifferent reputation are the inducements to visitors.

In London police raids on clubs where it

is known the frequenters are of ordinarily

"I didn't know you had been to America," said Seymour.

"I have not," was the drawling reply; "but I'll admit I've just had a sudden offer to go."

The Wrong Bag. O'Connor went into the country to attend a dinner some little time ago. He turned up late, and not in evening clothes. Then he explained.

In the taxicab that took him to Euston he had, besides his suit-case, a portable typewriter and a small bag full of books which he meant to

read on the journey.
But fog delayed his arrival at Euston. There was a scramble to catch the train, and in the rush the luggage went astray. The train was moving when a porter sprinted to the carriage window and pushed inside a small bag.

Mr. O'Connor thought, "At any rate, I shall have something to read. But it was not his bag, and it contained only collars and pyjamas.

I heard a couple of years ago of an even more unfortunate case of the mixing of hand-bags. A well-known

publicist and lecturer was going to Sunderland to speak. It was cold, miserable weather, and the lecturer was careful to place in the bag that contained the notes of his lecture a bottle of whisky on whose excellence he was wont to expound. He called, on the way to the station, at his club in St. James's Street, and stayed there some time. It so happened that another member, a surgeon with a reputation for skill in treating women's ailments, came to the club, also with a bag. He was on his way to attend a patient.

The lecturer went off. Somewhere the other side of York he opened his bag. next incident was a furious telegram from Sunderland, asking who at the club had changed his bag, and what use for a lecture on Sea Power was a set of surgical instruments. How the surgeon got on with the bottle of whisky and the notes for the lecture



THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF SHANNON AND MISS MARJORIE WALKER: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BEST MAN, AND ATTENDANTS.

The marriage of the Earl of Shannon to Miss Marjorie Walker was celebrated in India, at Ootacamund. Lord Shannon, who is the seventh holder of the title and is twenty-three years of age, has been A.D.C. to Lord Willingdon, the Governor of Madras, for two years.-[Photograph by C.N.]

> good character have always been conducted with tact and good - humour. Myself, I remember only one raid. That was at a club in Heddon Street, off Regent Street, before the war. I think the allegation was something about money paid by guests when the members who were their hosts were not present.

> My main recollection of that early morning was of a happy-go-lucky M.P., very well known to the police, calmly giving a false name to a smiling and courteous inspector, while a Duke, who was fond of late hours, was being got out of the club by way of the kitchen lift. None of us felt very criminal for being in that raid.

Mr. Seymour Hicks is on Mr. Seymour Hicks Writes Home.

the high seas, bound for Australia. He will miss the Garrick Club circle that

listens for his latest mot-has not one caustic has never been ascertained.

Their Mistake!



THE OBLIGING PORTER: 'Ere you are, Mum. This is your train. It don't stop nowhere.

Drawn by G. L. Stampa.



THE SHOPPER: Do you really refund the price if these prove unsatisfactory? THE ASSISTANT: Certainly, Madam; we're doing it every day.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

Town and Country: A Trio of Notable Weddings.



MAJOR THE HON. OSCAR GUEST, WITH HIS BRIDE, MISS SUSAN PATERSON, AND THE ATTENDANTS.



MR. J. MOUBRAY, COLDSTREAM GUARDS, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS CHRISTIAN BOWER.



ARRIVING AT THE MARRIAGE OF HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, MAJOR THE HON. OSCAR GUEST: LADY WIMBORNE.



LEAVING TEMPLE CHURCH, TO THE SKIRL OF THE PIPES: MR. J. BRITTAIN JONES AND HIS BRIDE, MISS JOYCE WALLACH.



ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH FOR THE MARRIAGE OF HER DAUGHTER, MISS SUSAN PATERSON: LADY ROWENA PATERSON.

The marriage of Lord Wimborne's brother, Major the Hon. Oscar Guest, to Miss Susan Paterson, daughter of Mr. Graham and Lady Rowena Paterson, took place at St. Mary in the Elms, Woodhouse. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Cynthia Guest, the Hon. Vivian Ridley, the Hon. Georgiana Curzon, and Miss Tufton; and Master Robin Hastings and Lady Eleanor Needham carried the train, followed by one child attendant, Miss Diana Streatfield.—The marriage of Mr. John Moubray, Cold-

stream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Moubray, of Neemoor, Scotland, and Killerby, Catterick, to Miss Christian Bower, daughter of Major Bower, of the West House, Thirsk, was an important social gathering. After the ceremony a reception was held at the house of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Tatton Bower.—Mr. Jack Brittain Jones is in the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch. His bride, Miss Joyce Wallach, is the daughter of Mr. William Wallach, and of the late Mrs. Wallach.

A Family Study.



Lady Sykes is the wife of Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, G.B.E., K.C.B., Lady Sykes is the wife of Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G., M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield, and is the elder daughter Frederick Sykes took place in 1920, and her small son was born in 1922.

of the late Rt. Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, P.C., M.P. Her marriage to Sir

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

A Novice in Switzerland.

First Experiences Simply wonderful weather we've had at Mürren all On Skis. last week-dazzling sunshine and no cold winds. Lots of us lunched out of doors in the sun, and I even saw a

sunshade in use!

The ski-ers are beginning to murmur that they want "new" snow. Certainly it is they want "new" snow. Certainly it is getting slippery; but, then, it always does seem awful slippery to beginners!—" meself" having never got beyond the first stages of learning this very difficult form of sport. Your first lesson (on soft snow, thank goodness) consists of the following exercises. You fall down every few yards, buried to the armpits and knees in snow; then have five minutes' struggle to regain an upright position, collect sticks, and shake off a few pounds of snow, while your skis try to go off with another rush downhill! You are then told to do all sorts of things by

the instructor, who tries to conceal his pity and contempt, and begs you to have "nerve," which all disappears as you once more fly off, and again, after a few yards, plunge into a bed of snow. This goes on till at last you succeed in remaining upright at the end of a gentle 30 yards' run, and feel terribly proud of yourself. My! and doesn't it just make you puff and blow. After about an hour you have gone a "roarer" all gone a right, and feel that nothing less than being "tubed" would ever help your wind - pipes. Still, it's all worth while, and you look with envious eyes at the lucky ones who are experts, and can go on the lovely ski expeditions round here.

The Waltzing Competition.

Monday we all had a treat on the skating rink in watching the beautiful performances in the

waltzing competition, which was won by those well-known skaters, Miss Causton and Mr. Yates, who, I believe, have won it several time before. The second couple also gave a very good show-Miss Dora Fox (who won the Ladies' Ski-Race) and Major Angas. The two Canadian skaters, Colonel Scott and Miss M. Nanton, were third. The Canadian style is more graceful, and catches the eye more than the English; but the English standards rule here, of course. In Canada Colonel Scott and Miss Nanton would probably have been first-judged by Canadian standards.

Monday evening a fox-Fox-Trot and trot dancing. competition Fancy-Dress was won by Miss Muir Prize-Winners. and Mr. Crosbie. Muir is well known as an exhibition dancer in London, and so was an easy winner.

Mrs. Duncan Harvey and Mr. Raphael were second (Mr. Raphael won the dancing competition at the Embassy, in London). we have "some "dancers here! The fancydress ball on Tuesday night was great fun: some of the dresses were very beautiful. Miss Pollock in a magnificent Russian dress, perfect in every detail, was first, run very close by a pair of Pompadour ladies—the Hon. Mrs. Hermon - Hodge and Miss Muir. They made an exquisite picture together, but the Russian dress was more correct in detail.

The men's class was won by Mr. Hanson as a Roman centurion; Captain Drummond, as a Nigerian policeman, was second. A special prize was given to "comics," which was easily won by Dr. Meran and Mr. D'Egville, as an organ-grinder and his monkey. Needless to say, the latter part was played by our humorist, D'Egville, and he was

AT MÜRREN: A GROUP INCLUDING THE WINNER AND RUNNERS-UP FOR THE LYTTON SKATING CUP.

Our group shows (from left to right, standing)-Mrs. Mynors, Miss Russell, Captain Duncan Harvey, Dr. Meran, and Miss Nanton; and (seated)—Colonel Scott (third in the Lytton Cup for figure-skating), Miss M. Nanton (second in the Lytton Cup), Major Angas (winner of the Lytton Cup), Miss Dora Fox (winner of the Ladies' Ski-Race), and Mrs. Duncan Harvey.

> certainly the "scream" of the party, and earned his prize well. There were lots of other pretty frocks and clever make-ups. Miss Graham was delightful as a Pierrot, and her father came in the Albrighton Hunt evening dress-the only red coat present. It made one think of happy hunting days before F. and M. ruined it all for most people.

> The great day this week The Lytton was Thursday, when the Cup. challenge cup presented by Lord Lytton was skated for. The first year after the war the figures were very simple, but since then such strides have been made in skating that the figures set for the season 1923-1924 were second-class N.S.A. test figures, and the period of free skating was 21 minutes, which at this altitude, of 5600 feet, is equal to 4 minutes on

lower levels. Unluckily, two competitors met with slight accidents, and were out of it. Major Angas, a very fine skater with extraordinary balance, won the cup for the second time; Miss Marguerite Nanton was a very close second: her grace and beautiful skating were worth journeying all the way from England to see. How lovely she is. Colonel Scott came in third. It was very plucky of him to start, with a strained muscle which one could see affected his skating, which is of the best Canadian style. He is a member of the famous Minto Skating Club in Canada. This contest was judged by Lord Lytton's brother, Major the Hon. Neville Lytton, Captain Strickland, R.N., and Miss Causton. After the skating R.N., and Miss Causton. After the sharing for the cup, Captain Duff-Taylor, who is in charge of the skating here, gave us an exhibition of figure-skating which was a truly marvellous performance. He was founder of the Penguin

Club for skaters, which may do a great deal in producing international skaters. The Lytton skaters. The Lytton family do much to encourage skaters, and are, of course, experts themselves. By the way, all who have not read Major Neville's book, "The Press and the General Staff," ought to get it at once—one of the only readable war books I've ever opened - and finished. It's written with that sympathetic charm and touch of humour which are characteristic of the writer; and there are illustrations by the author, who is, of course, a very clever artist indeed.

The Curling Club.

One of the most entertaining amusements for those who don't fancy the more strenuous skiing and skating is curling — a very scientific game, too. Mr. Shaw-

Stewart is secretary to the curling club here, and they have some very exciting matches. The inter-hotel cup was won this year by the Palais des Alpes team—L. G. Robinson, G. W. Ryder, P. F. Shaw-Stewart, and C. G. Hamiton. Amongst other enthusiastic curlers here are Mr. A. R. Cox, the well-known racehorse owner; Sir Bernard Wright, and General Smith.

I must tell you a nice curling story which had its foundation in fact. A celebrated divine curling at Mürren found that one of the stones (which are lettered and "let" in pairs) which he ought to curl was missing, After a futile search round the "crampit," he called out in a loud and piercing voice, "Who has played L?" After a moment's shocked silence, there was a roar of laughter, and the story goes that the chamois browsing on the mountain-side have never been seen since.

Skate, Ski, and Bob: All the Fun at St. Moritz and Mürren.



FIVE WELL-KNOWN JOCKEYS ON SKIS: McLACHLAN, LISTER, SMITHE, LEACHE, AND HULME (L. TO R.) AT ST. MORITZ.



THE WINNER OF THE LYTTON CUP FOR SKATING AT MÜRREN: MAJOR ANGAS.

GRACEFUL · AND ACCOM-CANADIAN THE MISSES NANTON AT MURREN.



WATCHING THE SKI RACES: LADY RAEBURN AND MISS THOMAS AT MURREN.



MRS. DUNCAN HARVEY (STANDING) AND THE MISSES NANTON AT MURREN.



WITH MRS. MACKINNON: MISS ELLIOT AT MÜRREN.



ONE OF THE CRACK ENGLISH BOB TEAMS: MR. R. T. JOHNSTONE (CAPTAIN), MR. W. M. CORRY, MISS W. REEVES, MR. H. A. BRANDT, AND LORD NORTHESK.



THE "STARS AND STRIPES" BOB TEAM: MR. H. G. MARTIN (CAPTAIN), MR. LE MERRIWETHER, MISS VIOLA BANKES, MR. F. PEARSON, AND MAJOR WILSON.

Our snapshots from St. Moritz and Mürren give some idea of the delights of the Swiss winter sports, which so many well-known people are enjoying at the moment. Our article from Mürren, which will be found on another page of this issue, gives an account of the competition for the Lytton Cup for skating, which was won by Major Angas.-The Misses Nanton are the daughters of Sir Augustus Nanton, the distinguished Canadian.

They are both most accomplished skaters. Miss Elliot had the bad luck to injure her leg in the ski test at Mürren.--Our snapshots of the bob-sleigh teams were taken at St. Moritz, and show two of the crack bob teams which have been competing for various challenge cups. The sleighs, which are in each instance shown beside the bobs, are waiting to pull them up to the top of the run again.



THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT:

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. V.-IN THE HOUSE OF THE ENEMY.

FTER our exciting adventure in the villa at Passy, we returned post-haste Several letters were to London. awaiting Poirot's return. He read one of them with a curious smile, and then handed it to me.

Read this, mon ami,"

I turned first to the signature, "Abe Ryland," and recalled Poirot's words: "The richest man in the world." richest man in the world." Mr. Ryland's letter was curt and incisive. He expressed himself as profoundly dissatisfied with the reasons Poirot had given for withdrawing from the South American proposition at the last moment.

"This gives one furiously to think, does it not?" said Poirot.

I suppose it's only natural he should

be a bit ratty."

"No, no; you comprehend not. Remember the words of Mayerling, the man who took refuge here-only to die by the hands of his enemies. 'Number Two is represented by an S with two lines through it—the sign for a dollar; also by two stripes and a star. It may be conjectured, therefore, that he is an American subject, and that he represents the power of wealth.' Add to those words the fact that Ryland offered me a huge sum to tempt me out of England — and — and what about it, Hastings?"

"You mean," I said, staring, "that you suspect Abe Ryland, the multi-millionaire, of being Number Two of the Big Four?

Your bright intellect has grasped the idea, Hastings. Yes, I do. The tone in which you said multi-millionaire was elobut let me impress upon you one fact—this thing is being run by men at the top; and Mr. Ryland has the reputation of being no beauty in his business dealings. An able, unscrupulous man; a man who has all the wealth that he needs, and is out for unlimited power."

There was undoubtedly something to be said for Poirot's view. I asked him when he had made up his mind definitely upon

the point.

That is just it. I am not sure. I cannot be sure. Mon ami, I would give anything to know! Number One, Li Chang Yen, the man who moves the East; Number Three, Mme. Olivier, the great woman scientist of the world; Number Four, an unknown Englishman, known as 'the Destroyer,' with an unparalleled gift of disguising himself. Let me but place Number Two definitely as Abe Ryland, and we draw nearer to our

"He has just arrived in London, I see this" I said tapping the letter. "Shall by this," I said, tapping the letter. you call upon him and make your apologies in person?

I might do so."

Two days later, Poirot returned to our rooms in a state of boundless excitement. He grasped me by both hands in his most

impulsive manner.

My friend, an occasion stupendous, unprecedented, never to be repeated, has presented itself! But there is danger—grave danger. I should not even ask you to at-

If Poirot was trying to frighten me, he was going the wrong way to work, and so I told him. Becoming less incoherent, he unfolded his plan.

"Sketch

It seemed that Ryland was looking for an English secretary, one with a good social manner and presence. It was Poirot's suggestion that I should apply for the post.

"I would do it myself, mon ami," he explained apologetically; "but, see you, it

is almost impossible for me to disguise myself in the needful manner. I speak the English very well (except when I am excited), but hardly so as to deceive the ear; and even though I were to sacrifice my moustaches, I doubt not that I should still be recognisable as Hercule Poirot."

I doubted not also, and declared myself ready and willing to take up the part and penetrate into Ryland's household.

"Ten to one he won't engage me, any-

way," I remarked.
"Oh, yes, he will. I will arrange for you such testimonials as shall make him lick his lips. The Home Secretary himself shall recommend vou.'

This seemed to me to be carrying things a bit far, but Poirot waved aside my remon-

"Oh, yes, he will do it. I investigated for him a little matter which might have caused a grave scandal. All was resolved with discretion and delicacy; and now, as you would say, he perches upon my hand like the little bird, and pecks the crumbs.'

Our first step was to engage the services of an artist in "make-up." He was a little man, with a quaint, bird-like turn of the head, not unlike Poirot's own. He considered me some time in silence, and then fell When I looked at myself in the glass half-an-hour afterwards, I was amazed. Special shoes caused me to stand at least two inches taller, and the coat I wore was arranged so as to give me a long, lank, weedy look. My evebrows had been cunningly altered, giving a totally different expression to my face; I wore pads in my cheeks; and the deep tan of my face was a thing of the past. My moustache had gone, and a gold tooth was prominent on one side of my mouth.

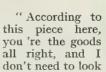
"Your name," said Poirot, "is Arthur Neville. God guard you, my friend-for I fear that you go into perilous places.

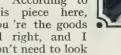
It was with a beating heart that I presented myself at the Savoy, at an hour named by Mr. Ryland, and asked to see the great man.

After being kept waiting a minute or two, I was shown upstairs to his suite.

Ryland was sitting at a table. Spread out in front of him was a letter which I could see, out of the tail of my eye, was in the Home Secretary's handwriting. my first sight of the American millionaire, and, in spite of myself, I was impressed. He was tall and lean, with a jutting-out chin and slightly hooked nose. His eyes glittered cold and grey behind pent-house brows. He had thick. grizzled hair; and a long black cigar (without which, I learned later, he was never seen) protruded rakishly from the corner of his mouth.
"Siddown," he grunted.

I sat. He tapped the letter in front of him.







further. Say, are you well up in the social matters?"

I said that I thought I could satisfy him in that respect.

"I mean to say, if I have a lot of dooks and earls and viscounts and such-like down to the country place I 've gotten, you 'll be able to sort them out all right and put them where they should be round the dining-

"Oh, quite easily," I replied, smiling.

We exchanged a few more preliminaries, and then I found myself engaged. Mr. Ryland wanted was a secretary conversant with English society, as he already had an American secretary and a stenographer with him.

Two days later, I went down to Hatton Chase, the seat of the Duke of Loamshire, which the American millionaire had rented

for a period of six months.

My duties gave me no difficulty whatever. At one period of my life I had been private secretary to a busy Member of Parliament, so I was not called upon to assume a rôle unfamiliar to me. Mr. Ryland usually entertained a large party over the week-end, but the middle of the week was comparatively quiet. I saw very little of Mr. Appleby, the American secretary, but he seemed a pleasant, normal young American, very efficient in his work. Of Miss Martin, the stenographer, I saw rather more. She was a pretty girl of about twenty-three or four, with auburn hair and brown eyes that could look mischievous enough upon occasion, though they were usually cast demurely down. I had an idea that she both disliked and distrusted her employer, though, of course, she was careful never to hint at anything of the kind; but the time came when I was unexpectedly taken into her confidence.

I had, of course, carefully scrutinised all the members of the household. One or two of the servants had been newly engaged: one of the footmen, I think, and some of the housemaids. The butler, the house-keeper, and the chef were the Duke's own staff, who had consented to remain in the establishment. The housemaids I dismissed as unimportant. I scrutinised James, the second footman, very carefully; but it was clear that he was an under-footman, and an underfootman only. He had, indeed, been engaged by the butler. A person of whom I was far more suspicious was Deaves, Ryland's valet, whom he had brought over from New York with him. An Englishman by birth, with an irreproachable manner, he yet excited vague suspicions in me.

I had been at Hatton Chase three weeks, and not an incident of any kind had arisen upon which I could lay my finger in support of our theory. There was no sign of the activities of the Big Four. Mr. Ryland was a man of overpowering force and personality, but I was coming to believe that Poirot had made a mistake when he associated him with that dread organisation. I even heard him mention Poirot in a casual way at dinner one night. Continued on page 217.

Bonzo in Search of His Forefathers.

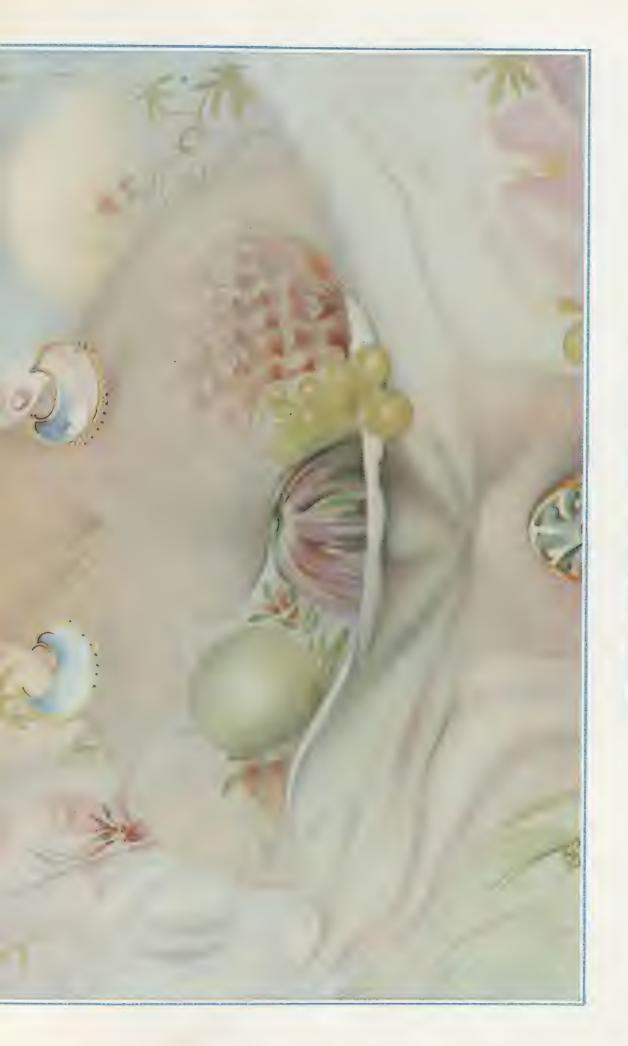


BONZO FINDS HIS FATHER-AND WONDERS WHERE THE CASH WENT!

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by G. E. Studdy.

Note.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—" Bonzo's Star Turns"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.





"" THE JUNGLE PRINCESS."

This exquisite example of Mr. E. J. Detmold's art was exhibited at the Arlington Gallery, together with a number of his other pictures. All the sorcery of the East lies in the strange eyes of this golden beauty of the Jungle, but she is posed so as to recall the Harvest Goddess of classic times—Demeter of Greece, or Ceres of Rome—with the fruits of the earth gathered to her breast.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. J. DETMOLD. COPYRIGHT RESERVED BY THE ARTIST,

The Old Régime.



BEFORE THE REIGN OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LONGLEY.

Wonderful little man, they say. But he 's a quitter. How do I know? I put him on a deal, and he turned me down the last minute. I'm not taking any more of your Monsieur Hercule Poirot."

It was at moments such as these that I felt my cheek-pads most wearisome!

And then Miss Martin told me a rather curious story. Ryland had gone to London for the day, taking Appleby with him. Miss Martin and I were strolling together in the garden after tea. I liked the girl very much, she was so unaffected and so natural. I could see that there was something on her mind, and, at last, out it came.

Do you know, Major Neville," she said; "I am really thinking of resigning my post

here.'

I looked somewhat astonished, and she

went on hurriedly.

"Oh, I know it's a wonderful job to have got, in a way. I suppose most people would think me a fool to throw it up. But sworn at like a trooper is more than I can No gentleman would do such a thing.

"Has Ryland been swearing at you?

. She nodded.

"Of course, he's always rather irritable and short-tempered. That one expects. It's all in the day's work. But to fly into such an absolute fury-over nothing at all. He really looked as though he could have murdered me! And, as I say, over nothing at

all!"
"Tell me about it," I said, keenly in-

"As you know, I open all Mr. Ryland's Some I hand on to Mr. Appleby, others I deal with myself; but I do all the preliminary sorting. Now, there are certain letters that come, written on blue paper, and with a tiny '4' marked on the corner— I beg your pardon, did you speak?"

I had been unable to repress a stifled exclamation, but I hurriedly shook my head,

and begged her to continue.

Well, as I was saying, these letters come, and there are strict orders that they are never to be opened, but to be handed over to Mr. Ryland intact. And, of course, I always do so. But there was an unusually heavy mail yesterday morning, and I was opening the letters in a terrific hurry. By mistake I opened one of these letters. As soon as I saw what I had done, I took it to Mr. Ryland and explained. To my utter amazement, he flew into the most awful rage. As I tell you, I was quite frightened."
"What was there in the letter, I wonder, to wreat him so?"

to upset him so?'

"Absolutely nothing—that's just the curious part of it. I had read it before I discovered my mistake. It was quite short. I can still remember it word for word, and there was nothing in it that could possibly upset anyone."

"You can repeat it, you say?" I en-

couraged her.

'Yes." She paused a minute, and then repeated slowly, whilst I noted down the words unobtrusively, the following:

"DEAR SIR,—The essential thing now, I should say, is to see the property. If you insist on the quarry being included, then seventeen thousand seems reasonable; 11% commission too much, 4% is ample.—Yours truly, ARTHUR LEVERSHAM."

Miss Martin went on:
"Evidently about some property Mr. Ryland was thinking of buying. But, really, I do feel that a man who can get into a rage over such a trifle, is-well-dangerous. What do you think I ought to do, Major Neville? You've more experience of the world than I have.'

I soothed the girl down, pointed out to her that Mr. Ryland had probably been suffering from the enemy of his race-

dyspepsia. In the end, I sent her away quite comforted. But I was not so easily satisfied myself. When the girl had gone, and I was alone, I took out my notebook and ran over the letter which I had jotted down. What did it mean—this apparently innocent-sounding missive? Did it concern some business deal which Ryland was undertaking, and was he anxious that no details about it should leak out until it was carried through? That was a possible explana-tion. But I remembered the small figure "4" with which the envelopes were marked, and I felt that at last I was on the track of the thing we were seeking.

I puzzled over the letter all that evening and most of the next day—and then, suddenly the solution came to me. It was so simple, too. The figure "4" was the clue. Read every fourth word in the letter, and an entirely different message appeared. " Essential should see you quarry seventeen eleven

four.'

The solution of the figures was easy. Seventeen stood for the seventeenth of October-which was to-morrow-eleven was the time, and four was the signature-either referring to the mysterious Number Four himself, or else it was the "trade-mark," so to speak, of the Big Four. The quarry was also intelligible. There was a big, disused quarry on the estate about half a mile from the house—a lonely spot, ideal for a secret meeting.

For a moment or two I was tempted to run the show myself. It would be such a feather in my cap, for once, to have the

pleasure of crowing over Poirot.

But in the end I overcame the temptation. This was a big business-I had no right to play a lone hand, and perhaps jeopardise our chances of success. For the first time we had stolen a march upon our evemies. We must make good this timeand, disguise the fact as I might, Poirot had the better brain of the two.

I wrote off post-haste to him, laying the facts before him, and explaining how urgent it was that we should overhear what went on at the interview. If he liked to leave it to me, well and good, but I gave him detailed instructions how to reach the quarry from the station, in case he should deem it wise to be present himself.

took the letter down to the village and posted it myself. I had been able to communicate with Poirot throughout my stay, by the simple expedient of posting my letters myself; but we had agreed that he should not attempt to communicate with me, in case my letters should be tampered with.

I was in a glow of excitement the following evening. No guests were staying in the house, and I was busy with Mr. Ryland in his study all the evening. I had foreseen that this would be the case, which was why I had had no hope of being able to meet Poirot at the station. I was, however, confident that my services would be dismissed well before eleven o'clock!

Sure enough, just after ten-thirty, Mr. Ryland glanced at the clock and announced that he was "through." I took the hint, and retired discreetly. I went upstairs as though going to bed, but slipped quietly down a side staircase and let myself out into the garden, having taken the precaution to don a dark overcoat to hide my white shirt-front.

I had gone some way down the garden when I chanced to look over my shoulder. Mr. Ryland was just stepping out from his study window into the garden. He was starting to keep the appointment. I redoubled my pace so as to get a clear start. I arrived at the quarry somewhat out of breath. There seemed no one about, and I crawled into a thick tangle of bushes and awaited developments.

Ten minutes later, just on the stroke of eleven, Ryland stalked up, his hat over his eyes and the inevitable cigar in his mouth. He gave a quick look round, and then plunged into the hollows of the quarry below. Presently I heard a low murmur of voices come up to me. Evidently the other man-or men-whoever they were, had arrived first at the rendezvous. I crawled cautiously out of the bushes, and inch by inch, using the utmost precaution against noise, I wormed myself down the steep path. Only a boulder now separated me from the talking men. Secure in the blackness, I peeped round the edge of it, and found myself facing the muzzle of a black, murderous-looking automatic!

Hands up!" said Mr. Ryland succinctly.

"I've been waiting for you."

He was seated in the shadow of the rock, so that I could not see his face, but the menace in his voice was unpleasant. Then I felt a ring of cold steel on the back of my neck, and Ryland lowered his own automatic.

"That's right, George," he drawled. March him around here."

Raging inwardly, I was conducted to a spot in the shadows, where the unseen George (whom I suspected of being the impeccable Deaves) gagged me and bound me securely.

Ryland spoke again, in a tone which I had difficulty in recognising, so cold and

menacing was it.

"This is going to be the end of you two. You've gotten in the way of the Big Four once too often. Ever heard of landslides? There was one about here two years ago. There 's going to be another to-night. I 've fixed that good and square. Say, that friend of yours doesn't keep his dates very punctually.

A wave of horror swept over me. Poirot! In another minute he would walk straight into the trap. And I was powerless to warn him. I could only pray that he had elected to leave the matter in my hands and had remained in London. Surely, if he had been coming, he would have been here by

now?

With every minute that passed, my hopes

Suddenly they were dashed to pieces. I heard footsteps-cautious footsteps, but footsteps nevertheless. I writhed in impotent They came down the path, paused, and then Poirot himself appeared, his head a little on one side, peering into the shadows.

I heard the growl of satisfaction Ryland gave as he raised the big automatic and shouted "Hands up!" Deaves sprang forward as he did so and took Poirot in the rear, The ambush was complete.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hercule Poirot," said the American grimly.

Poirot's self-possession was marvellous. He did not turn a hair. But I saw his eyes searching in the shadows.

My friend? He is here?"

"Yes; you are both in the trap—the trap of the Big Four.'

He laughed.
"A trap?" queried Poirot.

"Say, haven't you tumbled to it yet?" "I comprehend that there is a trap—yes;" said Poirot gently. "But you are in error, Monsieur.. It is you who are in it—not I and my friend."
"What?" Ryland raised the big auto-

matic, but I saw his gaze falter.

'If you fire, you commit murder watched by ten pairs of eyes, and you will be hanged for it. This place is surrounded—has been for the last hour-by Scotland Yard men. It is checkmate, Mr. Abe Ryland."

He uttered a curious whistle, and, as though by magic, the place was alive with men. They seized Ryland and the valet, and disarmed them. After speaking a few



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"HAVOC." AT THE HAYMARKET.

TEN managers refused it, so I hear; and some critics, after the very successful production by the Repertory Players, commingled their appreciation with doubt. The play was dramatic enough, but the better and latter half of it was war-the war that we would bury and forget. But we were all wrong, the managers and the dubious critics. The first night was triumphant, and, if auspicious omen is not fallacious, "Havoc" will live and be eagerly sought by the many who will flock to London during the Empire Exhibtion. It is essentially a national

play; it shows what stuff the men are made of who fought for England, and endured countless hardships beyond description cheerfully and with a never-failing sense of humour, even in the greatest peril. I still think that the war scenes are too long and too overloaded with technicalities which can only be understood by those who had been "in it." Again, having seen the play twice, I found the revenge of Roddy Dunton, who would have sent his young comrade to almost certain death for having alienated his fiancée's affections, revolting. It struck me as un-English; it savoured of Oriental cunning and cruelty. However, it was glossed over by the manfulness of the other officers, and dramatically it was intensely effective. So was the whole canvas of war. It was as grim as the real thing must have been - and every soldier I met praised its veracity. It was also leavened with sound humour, so natural, so homely, that it never seemed manufactured in a theatrical manner, but sounded spontaneous.

Two of the scenes-the first when the young officer tells Roddy that he yielded to the charm of the girl and supplanted him, and the men. fast friends hitherto, almost came to bloodshed; and the next and most crucial one, when Roddy is driven to confession of his foul design to let him face, unreinforced, an overwhelming enemy-are moving and dramatic. And the climax of the latter episode, when a shot tells us that Roddy has been his own judge, rises to tragic power.

So long as Mr. Wall deals with the war he is a realist; when he returns to the drawing-room, he does not rise beyond facile fiction. We do not believe in the girl so utterly callous and so outrée in her modernity: we do not find the happy ending otherwise than theatrical, of the theatre. But what does it matter? The heart of the thing is sound and stirring. It is the work of a dramatist of great promise, and one who holds his audience by his often

forceful dialogue and his great dramatic instinct.

The actors worked splendidly for their author. The night I went Mr. Leslie Faber was out of the cast through illness. Mr. Cronin Wilson played Roddy. He worked wonders at short notice, and, but for an occasional halting in his words, his performance could not have been bettered. He was every inch a man. A powerful personality, he never forfeited sympathy even when his rancour led him to a criminal act. I have no choice between the two young officers of Mr. Henry Kendall and Mr. Richard Bird, "the Babe," as green and lovable a specimen as the war commissions produced. These two were delightful

examples of the young generation-martial, human, intense, fascinating. Both command emotional power and guard against over-emphasis. But this discretion was the keynote of all the soldiers in the play: William Kershaw, Forrester Harvey, Vincent Holman-I wish I could name them all. If they were but soldiers of the occasion, the make-believe was astounding. They were the "real thing." Miss Ethel Griffith played the elderly cousin who was something between a duenna and a guardian angel to her wayward relation, who wrought all the havoc, with a fine touch of one who loved, lost, and remained alone. Miss Norah Robinson was gentle and unaffected as the war nurse who eventually wins the man of her heart:



THE ST. MARTIN'S PLAYBOX GALA PERFORMANCE: MISS MARY CLARE AS RHODOPE AND MR. ROBERT HARRIS AS PHŒNIX.

Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's "Phœnix" was one of the two plays produced at the recent St. Martin's Playbox Gala Sunday performance. Miss Mary Clare—of "The Likes of 'Er"—played the rôle of Rhodope, the lovely slave girl who is the pivot of the classical farce—for farce it is—and gave an admirable performance.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

and Miss Frances Carson was fascinating in a somewhat conventional way as the siren of the play. Her predecessor who played the part with the Repertory Players was the more real type-willowy, languorous, blasée at twenty-four, and of that eeriness tinged with ennui that makes door-mats of weak men.

MR. C. K. MUNRO'S "PROGRESS."

R UMOUR," Mr. C. K. Munro's first great work, taught us how were taught us how wars are made. "Progress," its foil, but for excess of dialogue, teaches us what war means in cause and aftermath: nothing but a vicious circle, that changes naught, produces naught, is but a game in which the winner is really the loser. It is a play grandly conceived, but too discoursively developed. The action ceases practically when Britain, for the sake of a Kokoland-a mere commercial proposition-wages war upon Germany, and in the end has to yield its spoil to France, its ally. All Britain gets for its pains and painful losses is a claim on Germany that can't pay, nor will.

The action is but a secondary matter. The value of the play lies in its bold outspokenness; it shows us how the people are doped and duped by the verbal platitudes of their rulers; how little foresight reigns in

Cabinets; how money is at the bottom of everything; how principles go for naught for the sake of clinging to office; how the high-minded man must give way to the politician; how alliances are mere mockery where interests are concerned, and peace means the jog-trot of things as they went before, with unemployment, dissatisfaction, and the rest of it on its trail. Mr. Munro is a man of wonderful insight, of great power of assimilation. The people, the Cabinet, the captains of industry-he knows them all to the core. In speaking in their voice, he lets them speak themselves. He lays bare the whole machinery in rapid succession of scenes, and in every one of them there is more than a grain of truththere is verisimilitude. "So it may really be," we say. We hear an echo of all we learn from the newspapers; we recognise people, types, shibboleths of party; we feel that the nation is but a plaything in the hands of its leaders, and that words, words, words, and money, money, money, masquerade as "Progress' -a progress but in name.

As it stands it is an unwieldy play, bewildering both in its length and its brilliant mass of argument. It must make reading of great stimulation, but on the stage it sometimes wearies because we cannot cope with the avalanche, because we cannot take it all in; because countless currents rush like a flood through open sluices, and we are befogged by the pleas for might and right. But we carry away deep impressions. "Progress" is an eye-opener: it dispels sham and scum and foam; and what remains is a sad world, none the better for its trials.

This play will live, but not on the stage; its depth would be caviare to the crowd, its length would try its patience; its views - sometimes in favour of the defeated enemy-might excite political passions. Nowhere but in England could such freedom of opinion pass muster. When Kokoland is transferred to France the new Commissioner says, "You niggers cease to be Britons now and

Protestants; you are French and Catholics." What a great and pointed word!

I have nothing but admiration for the actors who struggled manfully with the length of their parts. That it was beyond some of them means no reproach. So here's a tribute to Nicholas Hannen, a Prime Minister to the life; to Fisher White, whose speech on principles was a masterly oration; to Douglas Jeffries and Edward Rigby, the one representative of money, the other of common-sense; to Michael Sherbrooke, the shabby but eloquent Ambassador of an agonising Germany-to one and all who rendered the Stage Society's production a memorable event.

G.B.S.'s Chronicle Play: The Shavian Joan of Arc.



THE FIRST SCENE OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "ST. JOAN": THE MAID WINIFRED LENIHAN) AND ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT (ERNEST COSSARD) IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION.



JOAN OF ARC AND THE DAUPHIN: MISS WINIFRED LENIHAN AND MR. PHILIP LEIGH, IN G. B. S.'S LATEST PLAY.

The greatest interest has been roused by the New York Theatre Guild production of George Bernard Shaw's latest play, "St. Joan," which he describes as a Chronicle Play, and which is a drama of prodigious length. It is a typically brilliant Shavian production, rising to the heights of historical tragedy at moments, and at others



JOAN OF ARC HEARS THE VOICES IN THE BELLS OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL:
THE MAID WITH DUNOIS (MAURICE COLBOURNE).

hovering on the verge of burlesque, and has been received with great enthusiasm in New York. The action opens in 1429, at the Castle of Vaucoulers, and the tragic drama of St. Joan ends with her trial at Rouen in 1431; but this is followed by an Epilogue in 1456, when all the characters express their views on each other.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: No. III. "HAVOC,"





THE GIRL WHO HAD "A GOOD WAR": VIOLET (FRANCES CARSON) AND DICK (HENRY KENDALL).



THE BABE ACCUSES RODDY: SMITHY (WILLIAM KERSHAW), THE BABE (RICHARD BIRD), AND RODDY (LESLIE FABER) (L. TO R.).





THE FRONT LINE AS IT IS REPRESENTED IN "HAVOC": RODDY (LESLIE FABER) (RIGHT).



RODDY RECEIVES HIS CONGÉ FROM VIOLET,
MR. HENRY

The success of Mr. Harry Wall's play, "Havoc," at the Haymarket, contradicts the belief that the public do not want war plays. "Havoc" was first seen last year, when produced by the Repertory Players. Its theme is the havoc caused by a woman in the lives of two friends, brother officers in the same battalion. Violet Derring is engaged to Roddy Dunton; but when Dick Chappel comes home on leave, she lets him think she has changed her mind. Roddy, in a moment of wild jealousy, attempts to engineer Dick's death, by abandoning him and seventeen others to what looks like certain death; and when Dick, wounded and blinded, escapes with four men, Roddy shoots himself. Dick returns to Violet, and

THE WAR PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET.





RODDY ORDERS DICK TO RETURN TO THE LINE: MR. LESLIE FABER AND MR. HENRY KENDALL.



VIOLET SHRINKS FROM THE BLINDED DICK: MR. HENRY KENDALL AND MISS FRANCES CARSON.





VIA DICK: MR. LESLIE FABER AND KENDALL,



RODDY'S CRIME IS DISCOVERED: THE BABE (RICHARD BIRD, THIRD FROM LEFT), DICK (HENRY KENDALL), SMITHY (WILLIAM KERSHAW) AND RODDY (LESLIE FABER).

finds that her love for him was but a pretence, and the play ends with the suggestion that he may find happiness with Tessie Dunton, Roddy's sister. The acting in the production is remarkable, and Mr. Richard Bird's performance as the young subaltern, known as The Babe, has roused the greatest admiration. Miss Frances Carson plays the heartless Violet with great skill, and Mr. Leslie Faber and Mr. Henry Kendall are both admirable as Roddy and Dick. The atmosphere of the front line is excellently conveyed, and the play was received with tremendous enthusiasm, and looks as if it would enjoy a long run.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

Films of the Moment: No. III. "The Battle."



REPRODUCED AT NEUILLY: A JAPANESE GARDEN SEEN FROM A JAPANESE ROOM,



AS THE HERO AND HEROINE OF CLAUDE FARRÈRE'S FAMOUS NOVEL: SESSUE HAYAKAWA AND HIS WIFE, MME. SURU HAYAKAWA.



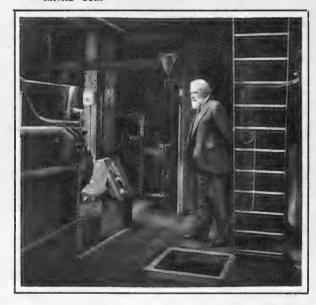
HOW THE SHELL-HOLES WERE MADE IN THE SHIP'S ARMOUR-PLATING: A SCENIC ARTIST AT WORK.



PAINTED IN WOOD: A WONDERFUL "PICTURE" NAVAL GUN.



THE REAL THING: ONE OF THE SCENES ON BOARD THE "JEAN-BART," WITH SESSUE HAYAKAWA (LEFT).



THE FAMOUS NOVELIST VISITING PART OF THE "STUDIO" IRONCLAD: M. CLAUDE FARRÈRE.

Marquis Yorisaka and his wife are played by the two Japanese picture stars, Sessue and Suru Hayakawa; and the naval battle scenes and studies of Japanese life are magnificently done in the picture based on Farrère's novel. The French Naval authorities permitted the use of the French Fleet for the naval action; while tremendous ingenuity was exercised in building portions of an iron-

clad as a studio set. Marquis Yorisaka returns to find his wife very intimate with an English naval attaché, Fergan. War breaks out, and the Marquis takes Fergan with him on board his ship, the "Nikko." It is in the heat of battle that the drama between the two men—Japanese aristocrat and English sailor—who love the same woman is played out. The picture is being presented by "W. and F."

The Return of a Famous Pianist: Moiseiwitch at Home.



Mr. Benno Moiseiwitch, the famous pianist, recently returned to England after a long tour abroad, and gave his first recital on Jan. 15 at the Queen's Hall, when he had a great reception. Mr. Benno Moiseiwitch

was born in Odessa in 1890. His marriage to Miss Daisy Kennedy, the violinist, took place in 1914, and he has two little girls, the younger of whom has the charming name of Sandra—[Pholographs by Humphrey Joel.]

Rugger.

Rubgy Football Notes and Sketches by H. F. Crowther-Smith.

FUNNY thing, I could find no one in Wales

who remembered such a thing as an England Fifteen winning at Swansea before. Most of

those I interrogated shook their heads rather indefinitely; while others vowed solemnly that this was the first occasion known to living man that the red jersey with the three feathers on it had had to admit defeat from the white jersey embroidered with the red rose. It simply never used to be done.

At Swansea England never could win. We could go on sending teams over there, if we thought it worth our while; but as long as the match was played at Swansea Wales were bound to win. Even before the match there was considerable derision shown when some spectator was heard to ask the year when England last won at Swansea. "But surely England has won on some occasion?" I asked (not by way of getting information) a bearded, bard-like being who

looked more likely to be interested in Eisteddfods than in Rugger Internationals. He sang his answer to me to the effect that he believed there was an old man in some remote village who is reported to have said that he saw Wales beaten by England, at Swansea, in his younger days. This interested me hugely. I was told the name of the village where the veteran lived; but as it was a tune I didn't know, I asked that it might be written down for me. It just went comfortably round the extreme edge of my ·programme.

Directly after the match I set forth on my search for this unique link between an English victory of the dim and murky past and the nice fresh one of 1924. I was determined to find him. But, my word! it

was a business.

After trying over, in every key I could think of, the pronounciation of the little Welsh village where I was told the old man lived, by sheer luck I suddenly made a noise which conveyed to my would-

be guide that it was Tllwentllwynllewelyncynvynwynwyn I wanted to get to.

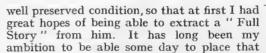
I found the village all that its name suggests - a tiny, compact little hamlet of not

more than three syllables—I should say, cottages. In one of these cosy, creeper-clad dwellings I at last met my man. Despite his age, he looked to be in a wonderfully

S. CHANTRILL,

BRISTOL

ENGLAND FULL BACK.



hall-mark of true journalism, "Full Story," above a column or so of my writing. But I was doomed again in this case to disappointment. For, after answering in the affirmative my question as to whether it was true that he was the sole surviving spectator who was present on the last occasion when England beat Wales at Swansea, the old gentleman grew listless, and only gave vent to incoherent grunts and mutterings. I could just snatch something like the name of Arthur Gould; but during a lucid interval he blurted out, perfectly accurately, that the score was one goal and three tries to two tries.

This veteran spectator was somewhat of a "wash-out." He might have been so useful in supplying authentic details of the historic English victory which took place in the reign of Queen Victoria. Of



he was only talking of the St. Helens ground. Anyhow, having a train to catch, I left him to it. As far as we England supporters go, there is indeed good cause for us to throw our caps high in the air and congratulate our victorious Fifteen on their splendid success.

The victory this year on Welsh ground (and that Swansea) was far more decisive and convincing than the sensational win at Twickenham last January. I certainly think our selectors have shown themselves to be very clever judges of form-especially in the last-minute choice among the forwards.

Now among those who were chosen for this position was Shacksnovis, the Oxford "hooker." To the mere man in the street (and I must confess to sharing the view myself before the match) it must have appeared essential that Shacksnovis should be included in any game against Wales, in Wales. Not on account of his "hooking" powers. Something much more useful than this. Shacksnovis is an expert banjo-player. You see, our teams, when they go to Wales, are not only up against Welsh soil, but the fact that Welshmen will

sing about it at the match.
"Land of Our Fathers," powerfully sung, with leek accompaniment, is a big thing for an English team to be up against. Now the only thing that I can think of that might be considered as anything like a reliable antidote to "Land of Our Fathers" is the banjo. Shacksnovis was known by the selectors to possess a banjo, and to be able to scrum-I mean strum-on it very successfully. But

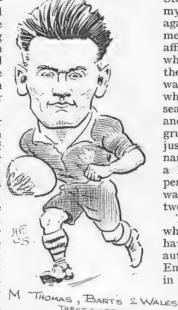
our judges of form ignored the musical side of the match entirely. And the lot fell on Cove - Smith, the old Cambridge skipper and Old Merchant Taylor. It proved a wise choice, for no one is more in his element in a hardfought match than Cove - Smith. He is an old International, having played against Scotland in 1921-2-3; Ireland, 1922-3; France, 1921-2-3; and Wales, last year.

Catcheside and Corbett appear to be about as good England have had for some time. Who played in all three ENGLISH TRIALS a combination as

remembered that Catcheside is a right wing, and there is also that richly endowed player, Hamilton-Wickes, the Cambridge captain, to come in if required, we may be said to be rich in right-wing three-quarters. Chantrill acquitted himself too well, perhaps, to be displaced at full-back. But, should a change be necessary, Franklin, the Oxford full-back, is worthy of a chance.

Myers was a perfect pillar of strength at "stand-off." Here again, if (which Heaven forbid!) anything should happen to him, we have a great and worthy successor in Lawton. I predict another successful English







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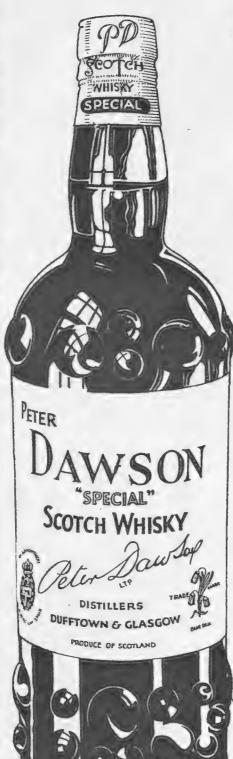
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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.



" I have seen the King of Being Kind the Belgians under many to Kings. and varying conditions, in war-time and peace-time, in his own country and ours, matching platitudes with Woodrow

Wilson and silences with Herbert Hoover; I have seen him as husband, father, soldier, king-and I like him.'

This brief extract gives you in a flash the spirit of a book by Mr. Frederick L. Collinspresumably an American journalist of great social eminence—called "This

King Business."

Mr. Collins has been on a post-war tour through Europe just to have a look at all our kings and queens, see how they are getting on, and size them up by comparing them with people of equal distinction in his own country. I don't know if the kings and queens he met realised the true purport of his visit; if they did, they must indeed have trembled. But I fancy that Mr. Collins kept his mo-tives to himself, not for the mere sake of deception, but because he did not wish to embarrass the various royalties with whom he happened to be chatting. He wanted them to move, and speak, and behave naturally under his stylographic camera.

The result is a book-or rather, a series of articles bound up into a book -which should have enjoyed a very great success with those members of the American public who are sufficiently independent not to be overawed by hereditary greatness, yet sufficiently broad-minded to realise that kings and queens, whether on their thrones or off them, are every

bit as human as themselves.

Mr. Collins goes even Patience with further than that. He has had advan-Monarchy. tages that his fellow-countrymen, for the most part, have not had. He has "frequented the courts of Europe," and he has decided—for the time being, at any rate—that we shall be allowed to retain our funny little

system of government.
"For no one," he writes, "can frequent the courts of Europe in the belief, or hope, that monarchy is dead, or even presently dying. I came to these courts a confirmed believer in republicanism. I left an even firmer believer in that form of governmentfor America. For Europe—well, I am inclined to be patient with monarchy. Most of Europe still seems to like it.

We breathe again. For myself, I cannot imagine what we should have said or done had Mr. Collins decided to be impatient with monarchy. Do not let us dwell on so depressing a thought. Sufficient unto the day— We have our troubles.

Russians in Exile. his pen, so to speak, on the Russian princes and princesses in Paris and elsewhere.

This was not very difficult work, because these unfortunate people had found their way into dressmaking and jobs of that sort. You could approach them in the ordinary way of business. Still, it was a beginning.

It gave one an opportunity of realising that one was talking to royalty, and finding them

quite bearable.
"It was indeed the Dowager Princess Poutiatine, plying her trade as forewoman of this little workshop and saleswoman of its exquisite-product. Sixty-five she was, and tired and thin and silently sad except when her eyes lighted up over some beauty in her daughter-in-law's designs or some prospect of aiding financially the wonderful work in which she was engaged. I asked her if she wanted to go back to Russia. Her face clouded.

Sava

LABOUR'S FIRST PRIME MINISTER: MR. JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD, AS SAVA SEES HIM.

Mr. James Ramsay Macdonald, the first Labour Prime Minister Mr. James Ramsay Macdonald, the first Labour Prime Minister of this country, is a self-made man, although he has never actually worked with his hands. Born at Lossiemouth, and educated at a Board School, he was a pupil teacher and an invoice clerk in early life. Later he engaged in political work and became secretary to an M.P. He took a prominent part in forming the Independent Labour Party, of which he was Chairman from 1906 to 1909. In 1900 he became Secretary to the Labour Party till 1911, when he became Leader of the Labour Party. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is a widower with three daughters and two sons. The late Mrs. Macdonald was the daughter of the late Professor J. Hall Gladstone, F.R.S.

From the Caricature by Sava, specially drawn for "The Sketch."

"'No, no,' she said, almost violently. 'I have here my husband and my son. am content.

Your husband?

"'Yes, Monsieur.' She reached down into

the pile of embroideries and brought up a pattern of exquisite workmanship. 'My husband's design. He is our hardest worker. We live here, in the shop, sleep here, eat here, my husband and I.'"

There are a good many nicely told little

stories of that sort.

Some time or another, however, Mr. Collins had "These Windsors." to tackle the English royal family. It was inevitable in a book of this sort. How absurd to write a familiar volume

about all the royalties of the world and leave out-let us be modest-the

English royal family.

Not so easy, of course, as telling little tales about exiled Russians. Ittle tales about exiled Russians. The best way, he decided, was to go at it boldly, so he headed the chapter "These Windsors." Very intimate, you see. Many of his readers in America would doubtless picture him roaming about Windsor Castle, armin-arm with the Prince of Wales. What a feller! What a vamp!

Well, well! Perhaps he did. If not, he must have had a heart-toheart talk with the Prince's valet, which is getting towards it-

"Edward Windsor, Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, has a suit for every day of the year. Three hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes for one young man! And yet their owner has less interest in dress than the average American shoe clerk. He would be satisfied with the old belted jacket and baggy knickers that he wears on his long jaunts across the moors of Devon. But the Prince cherishes his multiple wardrobe as a mechanic cherishes his tools or a physician his pill-boxes. He needs them in his business. For the Prince of Wales is a business man. And these are his business suits."

I was extremely in-New Light on terested to the Prince. about those three hundred and sixty-five suits, and I'll tell you why. When I was a small boy, somebody told me that Queen Elizabeth had three hundred and sixty-five dresses, one for each day in the year. Is it just a coincidence that the Prince of Wales has three hundred and sixty-five suits, or does it run in the family? There is just a third possibility—that somebody who remembered the story about Queen Elizabeth has been pulling the leg of Mr. Collins. But I hope not. I love to think of the Prince's three hundred and sixty-five suits, and it does me good to picture him "cherishthem as a mechanic cherishes his tools or a physician his pill-boxes. The former is the more attractive simile, because physicians—in this country, at any rate—are extremely off-hand with their pill-boxes. Mr. Collins may not believe it, but there are physicians in England who never have a pill-box in their own homes from year's end to year's end.

Mr. Collins has evidently seen the Prince's three hundred and sixty-five suits-Some are local or territorial costumes of parts of the British Empire visited, or to

be visited, by the Prince, costumes which he invariably wears on occasions associated

Continued with those regions—such as Caledonian banquets in London"—I trust the Caledonians will appreciate the reference to their country as a "region"—" and in which he is continually photographed. Others are suits for sports in which the Prince is expert, costumes bearing insignia of clubs and organisations of which his Highness is much more than an ordinary member. Still others are street clothes of no apparent individual peculiarity, but which have been selected with the greatest care to appeal to sections or classes with which the Prince expects to mix. In fact, the only suits which the Prince can choose according to his private tastes are his pyjamas!"

This is all as true as true. The Prince would never think of appearing in Wimbledon, for example, with a permanent turn-up to his trousers; nor would he be seen at Houndsditch in anything but pale grey with a very faint puce line. To walk in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on a wet day-one of his favourite and most hilarious amusements-he has a mackintosh well known to and beloved of the staff; and he is having a very neat suit specially made for the Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The coat will be red, the waistcoat white, and

the trousers blue.

Those details I did not get out of Mr. Collins's book. Never mind where I got them. Luckily, there are more where they came from.

Here is another secret un-How the earthed by Mr. Collins—
"And there is an almost " Windsors " Work.

way these hard-working Windsors go about their work. In most countries the people become restless under too many royalties with too little to do. They get tired of taking off their hats to a lot of useless people they don't know. But English royalty are not like that. They keep a small working staff of princes and princesses and dukes and

queens, each with a job, and each known to the man in the street. And only the working staff is visible."

Admirable! And yet we are always reading in the papers that some member of the Royal Family one of the "working staff" at that-spent a morning in Bond Street and passed quite unrecognised. I myself have seen three very prominent members of the Royal Family sitting in a box at a theatre, the audience being quite unaware of their presence.

The fact is that Mr. Collins's leg has again been treated with familiarity. We do not go nosing about looking for members of the Royal Family in the streets. When they want to be seen, we see them, and salute them with respect and affection; when they are privately employed, nobody bothers them in the slightest, and it would be thought very bad form if they did.

However, Mr. Collins's "Windsor" job had to be tackled, and it was taken on with conspicuous courage and ingenuity. I am sure it will prove at least as entertaining to English readers as any other chapter in this very kind and encouraging volume.

"Nell Gwyn." To like or dislike a book of this sort is a purely personal matter. For myself, I fear I am lacking in what is known as the historical Pageants, for example, bore me to the nearest exit, and I cannot remember ever witnessing a so-called "costume" play which did not have upon me the same uplifting effect. (By a "costume" play I mean a play which relies on the trappings of the period presented rather than the humanity of the story that is being told. Shakespeare, for example, did not write "costume" plays. His plays are always modern because his characters are moved by precisely the same



AT THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) HUNT BALL: A GROUP OF DANCERS.

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball was held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, and was a very successful gathering. Our group shows (from left to right, gentlemen) — Mr. Richardson, Mr. C. Tozer, and Captain A. Bubb; and (ladies)—Mrs. Harold Kemble, Miss Kemble, and Miss B. Kemble.

Photograph by W. Dennis Moss, Circnester.

feelings and motives as the people of any age, past, present, or future.)

Nell Gwyn is doubtless a very real person to all those with the historical sense. love to think of this little Drury Lane slut



THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLUB ENTERTAIN THE WIFE OF THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: MRS. POST WHEELER, MRS. CURTIS BROWN, MRS. KELLOGG, THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P., LADY RHONDDA, LADY ASTOR, M.P., AND LADY GREY OF FALLODON.

Mrs. Kellogg, the wife of the new American Ambassador, was entertained at the American Women's Club last week. Mrs. Curtis Brown, the President, was in the Chair, and the speakers included the Duchess of Atholl, M.P., Lady Astor, M.P., Lady Grey of Fallodon, and Lady Rhondda.

Photograph by C.N.

developing into the mistress of the fastidious Charles II. If he was fastidious. I have my doubts on the point, especially after reading Mr. Melville's book and studying, with a good deal of admiration, Miss Shannon's dainty drawings.

Mr. Melville is a most industrious person. He would swiftly have put to shame the Unjust Steward, who explained that he had to descend to fraud because he was ashamed

to beg and could not dig. Mr. Melville is an expert and indefatigable digger.

Two Diarists. It was inevitable that much of this book should be culled from the diary of Mr. Pepys. The passage of time has inclined us to accept Mr. Pepys as a rather quaint, jolly old boy who kept a diary for the benefit of posterity. I suppose the actual truth about Pepys would be far less flattering. He was indisputably a snob, and he had a nose for any little bit of gossip which might be likely. to tell against his contemporaries. Mellowed by time, such a character may be forgiven; in his own day, Pepys certainly deserved kicking, and probably got it.

A diarist of quite a different calibre was John Evelyn, who wrote—

"I had a fair opportunity of talking to his Majesty in the lobby next the Queen's side, where I presented him with some sheets of my History. I thence walked with him through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between him and Mrs. Nellie, as they call an impudent comedian; she looked out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the walk and he standing on the green walk under it."

To-day, we should call that a pretty picture. But John Evelyn was heartily sorry at it. He was looking through the normal end of the telescope. We turn the telescope the wrong way round when we want to make history look pretty. In five hundred years' time, schoolboys will roar over the present political situation.

So walk up and have a look at Nell Gwyn through Mr. Melville's inverted telescope. It will make you feel very virtuous-by

comparison.

This is a purely feminine "The Path to affair. That is a good thing the Sun." for the author, as we all know by this time. The contest between

the male and the female novelist has never been a fair one. Nineteen readers of novels out of twenty are feminine, and they want to hear about the things that interest females, such as unrequited love, and passion, and self-sacrifice, and injustice, and clothes, and prayer intermingled with sobs. There you have a catalogue of first-class material for any bestseller, and Miss Syrett runs the

gamut.
"'I understand how you feel. The uncertainty. Death is always so near nowadays. Oh, my dear, I know! ... But, Tim, if I have to go to mother in a year's time, I shall feel a fraud. I shall feel like a thief, unless I can say to her that we're not physical lovers. I'm ready to face anything that I do openly. I could go away with you without any feeling of shame. Shame? Gladly. But I hate secrecy. . . . Still, I repeat I'll do anything you wish, Tim, Anything that will make you happier.... I think you know I love you—in all the ways...."

That is the sort of scene that sends some men to Conrad or Stevenson, and others to the club for a swift double. Much depends on the mood—and the hour. But

the feminine reader. What does it do to her? Why, it sends her hareing off to the library for "Another of Miss Syrett's, please."

Good hunting to all.

This King Business. By Frederick L. Collins. (Werner Laurie: ros. 6d. net.)

Nell Gwyn. By Lewis Melville. (Hutchinson; 213.) The Path to the Sun. By Netta Syrett. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.

Accomplished Equestrians.



The Sheep Race of Morocco.

Part of the annual celebrations to commemorate the offering up of Isaac by Abraham, this spectacular event is a singular combination of barbarism and equestrian skill. The leader carries on his horse a sheep with its throat cut, and if the animal be alive at the finish it is accepted as a sign that the ensuing year will be prosperous.

The sole excuse for this crudely superstitious contest is found in the magnificent horsemanship of the Moroccan tribesmen. Perched high above his mount in an iron-framed saddle, the Arab rider displays superb skill and daring in his race with kindred spirits across the desert. A rider from childhood, he practically lives in the saddle, and he is certainly among the world's most enduring horsemen.

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Established 1779.



Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Shock-Absorbers Mr. J. G. Parry Thomas, the famous driver of the and Racing. Leyland eight-cylinder racing car, has been appointed consulting engineer to the Houdaille Hydraulic Suspension Co., Ltd. This in itself, perhaps, does not call for a large amount of comment, but for the fact that motor-car owners will be pleased to learn that their ordinary vehicles are going to get the advantage of the experience of a man who has had the hardest job to make the wheels of his car remain on the track surface under the conditions of extremely high speeds. He succeeded in attaining this goal by equipping, eventually, Houdaille

shock-absorbers, after experimenting with all sorts and types. Now, in order to get the true benefit of any type of shock-ab-sorber, it must be adjusted by a real expert. It is all very fine for people to say, "Just buy them and put them on"; but my own personal experience, and that of many friends of mine, is that it takes several visits to somebody who specialises in these matters to get the adjust-ments correctly made, as a car fitted with shock - absorbers badly adjusted is worse off than with none at all. Mr. Thomas has his own workshop at Brooklands, which will be amply stocked with all types of Houdaille shockabsorbers, as I understand that the programme of the Houdaille Hydraulic Co., Ltd., is going to include not only free donation of these shockabsorbers to racing drivers, but liberal prize money should they be successful in defeating cars equipped with other makes. Brooklands this year, therefore, is going to be even more interesting, if possible, than ever; especially as it seems to be agreed that fourwheel brakes entail the fitment of shock-absorbers as a necessary adjunct on touring cars. Houdailles are trying to show that theirs are the most efficient for all types. It will be an interesting experiment to watch.

Under the Legal Brakes. Motor Car Act of 1904, which is still the law of the land, motor vehicles have to be fitted with two brakes acting independently. Recent criticisms on fourwheeled braking systems have questioned whether the fitting

of the extra braking surfaces on the front wheels complies with the regulations under that Act. Whether the authorities would ever trouble to take any action in regard to such an ancient ordinance or not is another matter; but Messrs. A. Harper, Sons and Bean, Ltd., state that their production, the Bean "Fourteen," when supplied with fourwheel braking, has actually six brakes. All four wheels are braked simultaneously by pressure on the brake pedal, while an entirely independent pair of brake-shoes in the rear wheel-drums are operated by the hand-lever. Consequently, there can be no doubt that they are well within the law. This reminds me

that I suppose some Government will find time some day to let us have a new Motor Car Act to legalise common motoring habits nowadays. For instance, the twenty miles per hour speed-limit for private carriages, and the twelve miles per hour speed-limit for motor 'buses and lorries, are broken all day long by practically all the vehicles on the road of their respective categories. I could quote a dozen necessary alterations of a like character that are required to bring up to date this old, old 1904 Motor Car Act, as it is somewhat uncomfortable for law-abiding citizens to know that they are constantly trespassing against the Statute, which is antediluvian, but puts them in



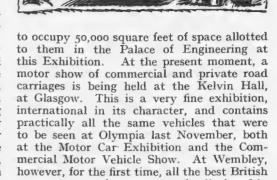
THE CUMBERLAND HUNT BALL: A GROUP OF DANCERS IN THE COUNTY HALL, CARLISLE.

Our group shows, from left to right, front row: Mr. H. P. Senhouse, Miss P. Hewlitt, —, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bt., M.F.H., and Mr. Burrows; second row: Miss N. Dixon, Mrs. C. Parker, —, Miss Stuart, —; third row: Miss J. Stuart, Mr. Arthur Lawson, and Mr. N. Dudding; fourth row: Mr. J. Paisley, Mr. Graham Stuart, Mr. Archie Wyberg, and Mr. John Fordham; and at the back: Major Rhodes, Mr. Siddle, and Mr. Allan Rhodes. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, of Brayton, is the third Baronet, and is Master of the Cumberland Hounds.

Photograph by S. and G.

the position of minor criminals much against their will.

From April to October, all Long-Period the world will be coming Motor Show. London to see the to British Empire Exhibition opening in the spring at Wembley. Here all the goods of the British Empire will be on view, including a big display of British motor vehicles and motor-cycles. This exhibit has been or-ganised, collected, and will be generally managed by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, in collaboration with the British Cycle and Motor-Cycle Manufacturers and Traders' Union, who are going



features are to be displayed in a collective exhibit of such proportions as has never before been seen. What is more, it is going to be open for six months, so that not only can the inhabitants of these islands visit it when they want to choose a motor vehicle suitable for their requirements. but Colonial and foreign exporters will be able to gain equal knowledge by visiting Wembley, as a first step to-wards placing a contract with any individual manufacturer. As this exhibit will illustrate every application of the petrol motor, and include sections devoted to cycles, motor-cycles, private motor carriages, commercial motor vehicles, including steam and electric, as well as petrol; farm tractors, marine and aero engines, motor coach and body work, components, accessories and tyres, there will be no excuse for anybody not being able to gain the fullest information with regard to all branches of the motor industry. Let us hope that this will be productive of increased employment, which will induce cheap motoring in the long run.

Ireland is Road Racing living up to in Ireland. her character, as the prospect of a big international motor race being held there has created differences of opinion as between Ulster and the Free State. The Southerners consider there should be a race in connection with the Tailteann Games Festival, either for an Irish Trophy or possibly for a revived Gordon-Bennett Cup. Ulster, however, in view of the powers obtained last year in their Parliament to have a

road-race in the Six Counties, considers it has first claim on the Royal Automobile Club, and the other bodies competent to authorise the race. Ulster, of course, can always hold a road-race whenever the R.A.C. choose to run one; and the R.A.C, will always organise it when the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders express a wish to that body to do it for them. Ireland need not worry herself where the race will take place until the Society of Motor Manufacturers agree that they will spend the money in building road-racers for such an event. present it does not appear that sufficient car-manufacturers think it worth while.

A Gift to Democracy.

There is a romantic touch—an almost fantastic departure from the commonplace—about the announcement that the famous Prince's course at Mitcham is to be handed over to the community for use as a centre of public golf. There never was a golf club which, from simple force of circumstances, established itself in a setting of more dignified exclusiveness than Prince's, Mitcham. In its early days, some thirty years ago, its course was easily the most



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. COLUMBA'S, PONT STREET: SIR ANSELM GUISE AND MISS MARGARET GRANT.

Sir Anselm Guise, Bt., of Elmore Court, Gloucestershire, was married to Miss Margaret Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Grant, of Househill, Nairn, at St. Columba's, Pont Street. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by six children.

Pholograph by Farringdon Pholo Co.

accessible for people living in the West End of London, being only twenty minutes' run by train from Victoria, at a time when motorcars were seldom seen, and little trusted. Moreover, it was always a remarkably fine course, with vast expanses of whins that gave it an appearance true to nature (much of the gorse has since been worn away by the feet and the niblick shots of myriad golfers), beautiful putting-greens, and the crowning attribute of dryness throughout the winter months.

In the Beginning. At that time, the masses knew nothing, and cared less, about the game. The spirit of their indifference to it—and, for that matter, to polo also—was expressed by the man who explained to a friend: "It's a silly pastime. The fun consists of trying to find your ball after you have nit it as far as you can drive it; but only the big people in the Government can afford to play, because the ponies are so expensive." So that the big people in the Government and other lucky individuals had Prince's more or less to themselves. I have known

Golf at Prince's, Mitcham: Its Transformation. By R. Endershy Howard.

it since those days, and have by me a list of the officials of the club in its first year —1892. It reads thus: "President—Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. Committee—Rt. Hon. W. Hart Dyke, M.P., Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., Lord Edward Cecil, Marquess of Granby, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., T. W. Legh, M.P., and Hwfa Williams." Surely no club ever began its life under more distinguished control.

From March 1, Mitcham is

One Man's to be a public course, and Faith. the Prince's club-house is to be handed over to the public who play on the course—the most striking circumstance that I know in connection with the development of golf in England into a national To Sir H. M. Mallaby-Deeleyhimself nearly a scratch man on the links at one time, although he has not pursued the game during recent years—is due the change. Prince's, although playing on a common, has always been a proprietary club, with its club-house situated on private ground, and he bought it over twenty years ago. Greatly did it flourish, too, under his guidance. The regulations provided that as many members of the public should be entitled to annual tickets at a nominal fee as there were members of the club. Now he has decided to transfer it, lock, stock, and barrel, to the public, returning entrance fees and subscriptions which have been paid recently by members, and discharging the first year's rent of the club-house, so that public golf may start on Mitcham Common free from financial embarrassment. He is cancelling his own shares in the club, which cost about £7000, and buying the whole of the Debentures, so that they, too, may be cancelled. It is rare evidence of one man's faith in the future of golf as a game for the entire com-

For a long while, Prince's Mr. Bonar was the scene of most of Law's Golf the ties in the Parlia-Year. mentary, Golf Handicap, being so accessible that the players could be at Westminster within half-an-hour or so of leaving the course. There it was that the late Mr. Bonar Law won that event. Very assiduously, too, did he set out to win it. He went to Mitcham regularly, and not always to play matches, for often he would spend hour or two in quiet practice in some secluded corner of the course. In this way he improved his golf so steadily that a handicap of ten made him invincible in the Parliamentary Tournament of 1907.

An Indignant of Mitcham golf are stirred Henchman. by the announcement of this conversion of the course to public use. I happened to be there when Lord Dalhousie and Lord Lovat met in the Parliamentary Final of 1909—the only occasion on which members of the House of Lords have had the supreme stage to themselves-and to see parts of the match. The most interesting phase of it was that Lord Lovat brought forth a putter shaped like a croquet mallet, which he used by standing facing the hole and swinging the contrivance between his legs. Such a club is prohibited now, but it was legal then, although that circumstance did not weigh with one individual who followed the game from beginning to end, and boiled with indignation every time Lord Lovat prepared for a putt. This individual was Lord Dalhousie's chauffeur, who apparently knew all about golf, and to whom the manipulation

by Lord Lovat of the croquet-mallet putter was as the waving of a red rag to a bull. "You know, this isn't golf; it isn't the game of golf at all," he kept on declaring in a fierce whisper to the nearest person he could find, whenever Lord Lovat started to perform on the green. However, Lord Dalhousie won, so presumably the chauffeur drove home that night retaining some faith in the workings of Fate.

Another Parliamentary An Early Handicap victor who gained Record. his success at was Sir Edgar Vincent (now Lord D'Abernon, British Ambassador in Berlin), who was then as keen on golf as on owning successful race-horses. He could play tolerably well, too, and in his final he beat Mr. Alfred Tennyson. Altogether, I suppose that eight or nine Parliamentary finals were decided at Mitcham, and certainly this must have been the most played-on course among the first generation of prominent London golfers. For a considerable while, Mr. Horace Hutchinson held its record with a score of 72.

Spurning Fame.

Another player who might have held the Mitcham record was Mr. Humphrey C. Ellis, the famous Oxford leader of his day, and the only man who, making four appearances for Oxford against Cambridge, won his game every time. But Mr. Ellis had no patience with what he regarded as cheap honours. So his caddie's announcement on the last tee-ing ground: "You want a four now to beat the record," was sufficient. With the remark: "Well, who wants to beat the record?" Mr. Ellis turned round and hit his ball away from the hole!



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: CAPTAIN CHARLES BILLYARD-LEAKE, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS SALLY GRESWOLDE-WILLIAMS.

Captain Charles Billyard - Leake, M.C., late Rifle Brigade, is the younger son of Mr. C. Billyard-Leake, of Harefield Park. His bride, Miss Sally Greswolde-Williams, is the younger daughter of Mr. F. Greswolde-Williams, and of the late Mrs. Greswolde-Williams, of Broadway Court, Worcester, and Knightwick, Kenya Colony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of silver brocaded lame, lined with blue.—[Pholograph by Farringdon Photo Co.]



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BUT IS IT? Your body is at its lowest ebb of resistance; there's a bare spark of life in you, and the coldest hour of all is chilling you through.

EARLYWARM Blankets are made to bring comfort to the sleeper; warmth through the chill hours. They are all of them all wool, durable, light, and fleecy.

Early's of Witney have made blankets for 250 years, though it is only recently that they have labelled their better ones EARLYWARM as a guarantee of EARLY quality. This mark sewn on to the corner of a blanket is a sure promise of comfort and night-long warmth resulting in sweet and healthy sleep.

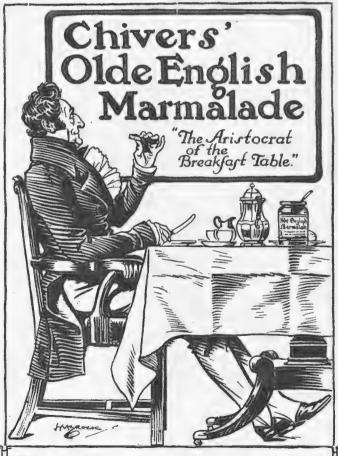
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Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties & full natural flavour of the Seville Orange.

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As a pilgrim to the shrine of springtide fashions in Paris one is naturally prepared for

surprises; but this year the attractive accessories destined to enhance evening toilettes are so novel and varied that even the least susceptible women are bound rapidly to fall victims to their charms. Quaint flat figures in gaily painted wood (inspired, I should imagine, by the doll of some small Russian emigrée) are completed with long silken tassels, and take the place of a diamanté ornament at the hip of a draped gown; while the "seal" frock is another variation of the same theme. The draperies are held in place by an imposing device in the shape of a large seal carried out in beaded embroidery or galolith. But most amusing of all, I think, is the innovation of two bracelets of jade, ivory, or amber, worn on the same arm-one at the wrist and the other above the elbow-and linked together by a long hanging chain of the same beads, ending in a tassel. Earrings and necklace to match are also made in one, giving a distinctly Eastern effect. In one, giving a distinctly Eastern effect. Incidentally, the vogue in evening frocks for the round high neck in front suddenly merging into a cut-away "V" behind has inspired yet another way of wearing long jewelled chains. A string of pearls, for instance, is caught at the back with a large jewelled slide, and the long loop thus released is allowed to fall between the points of the décolletage.

Although happy versatility of shape and design may Hats Large and Small. be the outstanding feature of the new spring millinery, not the least of the many attractions lies in the beautiful colourings which predominate everywhere. Softly tinted bangkoks trimmed with swathed scarves of artistic shades or with bandeaux of bright hand-made woollen embroidery are to be found in rich profusion in the salons of Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., where I saw the attractive affairs pictured above. The price of the pretty fuchsia-coloured hat on the right is 63s., and 57s. 9d. that of the shady crinoline picture hat of dark-blue, relieved with deep-petunia coloured ribbon. A novel trimming which is surprisingly effective appears in a manilla hat WOMAN'S WAYS By MABEL HOWARD.

encircled by a wreath composed entirely of separate bows of velvet ribbon in many colours, forming a striking pattern. Then there is a fascinating toque of black silk liberally piped with narrow ribbon of orange and gold, with which is carried a lovely hand-bag of intricate design expressed in the same materials. The bag and hat may be obtained for $5\frac{1}{2}$ guineas the set. The beretturban is, of course, one of the favoured successors to the cloche, and Gorringe's have designed a delightful affair, reminiscent of a French artist's "tam," in black velvet, the drooping side being reinforced by a flat fan of green-and-gold embroidery.

Hats for Little People.

Children's hats are always irresistible, and especially when they hail from Gorringe's, who make a speciality of this important departure. Enchanting spring and summer models are already waiting there for many small owners. Nearly all designed in the pretty poke-bonnet shape, some are made of multi-coloured bass in artistic shades that match every frock, or in gleaming satin straw of one colour, with streamers of a contrasting hue; while others are of light canvas trimmed with open-work motifs of coloured bass. With these vie airy little bonnets in tinted lace or dyed lace straw. But, whether expressed in lace, canvas, or satin straw, each is as light as the proverbial thistledown, and certainly very much prettier!

> It is obviously impossible to dwell on the subject of Spring Woollies. children's clothes without

mentioning the favourite attire of every denizen of the nursery—cosy woollies for every possible occasion. Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W., is a veritable Mecca for these practical woollen outfits, and their attraction is proved conclusively by the trio pictured on this page. The small boy is wearing a jersey suit of light-jade-



Crépe-de-Chine in four artistic shades has been chosen by Gorringe's to decorate this fuchsia-coloured bangkok for spring days.

green (obtainable from 12s. 9d.); and the tiny maiden in the centre is warmly clad in chestnut wool edged with cinnamon. The frock, complete with knickers, costs only 12s. 9d. for a child aged four years. Her elder sister rejoices in a real cardigan of white wool, which can be secured for 18s. 9d. For sunny spring days out of doors there are gaily coloured costumes of brushed wool, comprising pantalettes reaching from the waist to the toes, coat, and cap—an effective guard against sudden chills. The price of the complete set is 49s. 6d.; and 29s. 6d. purchases a delightful baby's frock of silk and wool in soft stripes or plain colours. [Continued overleaf.



These happy little people are dressed in comfortable woollies designed and carried out by Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W. Bright jade-green wool makes the small boy's suit, and chestnut and cinnamon the pretty frock in the centre. On the right is a warm cardigan of white wool.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By Mabel

Fashions for Little People.

The name of Mme. Barri (33, New Bond Street, W.) is, of course, one to conjure with in the sphere of everything for children's wear but I think this year she

Is there any woman who Milanese can look at fascinating undies of Milanese silk, Lingerie. such as those pictured on this page, and not long to possess them? I very much doubt it, and consequently Drusilla, of 53, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, who makes a speciality of lovely Milanese lingerie at prices to suit every pocket, is a name that everyone should remember. The Drusilla fabric is built of pure Milanese silk with a cross weave which defies "ladders" and repeated onslaughts of the laundress. It is obtainable in eight artistic shades, including lilac and primrose. The prices are elastic, and range from the moderate cost of 9s. 11d. a vest, 12s. 9d. knickers, and cami-knickers 18s. 6d. If a personal visit is not possible, designs may be chosen from "The Drusilla Book of Lingerie," which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Advice to
Jumper
Enthusiasts.

The modern
woman is invariably accused of
neglecting the

domestic pastimes of sewing and embroidery for many more frivolous occupations. But although we no longer fill our leisure moments by embroidering multicoloured samplers, the more useful habit of knitting jumpers, frocks, and even coats and skirts seems to me to be a more practical alternative. Even the amateur in this art will find it an easy matter to make pretty jumpers of every description if she uses the wools and silks of Hawes Brothers, St. John's Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.II. "Bright-

It is Drusilla,
Knightsbridge,
for these irresi.
Milanese silk

has excelled the many fasc destined for below are two awaiting som salons. The fashioned of v

Delightful jumpers for every occasion are speedily and economically made with the help of the many silks and wools sponsored by Hawes Brothers, St. John's Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.

sill," price 2s. 3d. a four-ounce hank, is a rich artificial silk obtainable in practically every colour; and "Repsill" (costing a penny less) is a spun artificial silk which has a soft crêpe-de-Chine effect. For sports jumpers the Shetland Floss variety is ideal. It is made of fleecy wool, and is obtainable in all colours and mixtures at the modest price of 5s. 3d. a pound. A booklet containing 600 patterns will be sent to all readers on receipt of twopence postage—an advantage which should not be wasted.



It is Drusilla, of 53, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W., who is responsible for these irresistible affairs of the pure Milanese silk Drusilla fabric, trimmed with lace.

has excelled even her own record in the many fascinating frocks and coats destined for the spring. Sketched below are two delightful party frocks awaiting some small owner in her salons. The one on the left is Pfashioned of white organdie trimmed

with beautiful Irish lace; and the other of rose-pink, boasting tiny panels bordered with picot-edged frills. The finishing touch is supplied by a captivating bouquet of tinsel flowers and ribbon streamers. Pretty matinée jackets in fine corded silk, and diminutive but perfectly cut coats of

velour and gabardine are innumerable, as well as practical rompers and smocks. Naturally, everything for his Majesty the Baby is obtainable at Mme. Barri's, including a special collapsible cot which is so constructed that to pack it in a flat waterproof cover, which can be conveniently carried like an attaché-case, is the work of a very few moments. It is fitted with quilted linings and pretty muslin curtains.

Howard. Continued.

Every cosmopolitan visitor Pessl's Aids remembers the famous Pessl Beauty Salons on the to Beauty. Continent years ago, and it is exceedingly welcome news that the delicate Pessl toilet preparations, with their elusive yet disfinctive fragrance, can now be obtained in this country. The finely sifted powder can be secured in several shades and in compact form; while the many creams beneficial to the complexion are suited to every type of skin. M. Pessl, who supervises their manufacture at his laboratories, has at his command a wide experience of the needs and tastes of discriminating women all over the world—a knowledge which he utilises to the full in the production of the Pessl toilet preparations.

To reduce the weight harm-Weight lessly and speedily is a Reduction and universal wish in these Good Health days; but how to do it is by Exercises. a matter which requires serious consideration. A simple method, and one that benefits the general health into the bargain, is to take a course of Home Physical Exercises under the able tuition of Mrs. Harris Booth, of 33, Upper Baker Street, W. From her one can learn the proper movements for reducing weight generally, and for slimming the ankles, hips, etc. In addition to these exercises, there are others for strengthening the ankles and toning up the muscles all over the body, giving the wonderful muscular control and poise without which no woman can excel in dancing or in outdoor sports. The far-reaching advantages do not end there, however; the general invigorating effect on the blood quickly improves the circulation, and has a beneficial influence on the functioning of the entire system. Consequently, this method is especially helpful to sufferers from neurasthenia, chilblains, and other ills due to bad circulation. It must be remembered that no apparatus of any kind is necessary, and that, once learnt, the exercises will prove a benefit for all time.

These youthful Eves may well be proud of their pretty party frocks, which hail from Mme. Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W. Expressed in fine organdie, one is white, trimmed with Irish lace, and the other rose-pink, decorated with tiny panels and frills.

NEW SPRING KNITTED SUIT

Smart Knitted Suit (as sketch), in an original design, made exclusively for Marshall and Snelgrove; coat in all-over Jacquard pattern in artificial silk on ground of wool, finished with heavy woollen trimming; plain wool skirt piped artificial silk at sides, in carefully selected colour-

PRICE .

10 Gns.

Hat to match. Price 52/6



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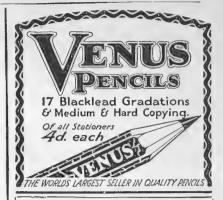
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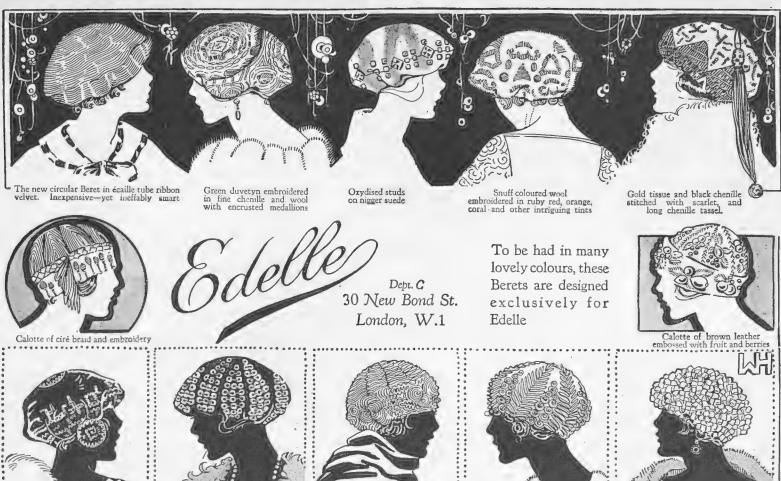
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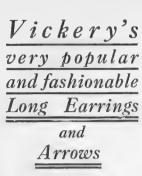
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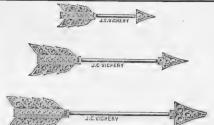
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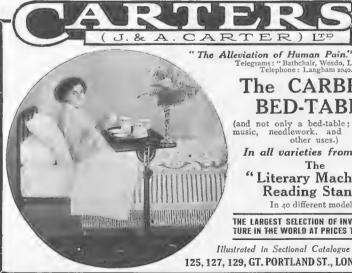
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IN THE HOUSE OF THE ENEMY.

(Continued from page 217.)

words to the officer in charge, Poirot took me by the arm and led me away.

Once clear of the quarry, he embraced me

with vigour.

"You are alive-you are unhurt. It is magnificent. Often have I blamed myself for letting you go."
"I'm perfectly all right," I said, disengaging myself. "But I'm just a bit fogged.

You tumbled to their little scheme, did you?"

But I was waiting for it! For what else did I permit you to go there? Your false name, your disguise, not for a moment was it intended to deceive!"
"What?" I cried. "You never told me."

"As I have frequently observed, Hastings, you have a nature so beautiful and so honest that, unless you are yourself deceived, it is impossible for you to carry conviction to others. Good then; you are spotted from the first, and they do what I had counted on their doing-a mathematical certainty to anyone who uses his grey cells properly—use you as a decoy. They set the girl on—by the way, mon ami, as an interesting fact psychologically, had she got red hair?"

"If you mean Miss Martin," I said colly,

"her hair is a delicate shade of auburn;

but—"
"They are *épatant*—these people! They have even studied your psychology. Oh, yes, my friend; Miss Martin was in the plot very much so. She repeats the letter to you, together with her tale of Mr. Ryland's wrath; you write it down, you puzzle your brains—the cipher is nicely arranged, difficult, but not too difficult-you solve it, and

you send for me.
"But what they do not know is that I am waiting for just this very thing to happen. I go post-haste to Japp and arrange things. And so, as you see, all is triumph!"

I was not particularly pleased with Poirot, and I told him so. We went back to London on a milk-train in the early hours of the morning, and a most uncomfortable journey it was.

I was just out of my bath and indulging in pleasurable thoughts of breakfast when I heard Japp's voice in the sitting-room. I threw on a bath-robe and hurried in.

"A pretty mare's nest you've got us into this time," Japp was saying. "It's too bad of you, M. Poirot. First time I've ever known you take a toss."

Poirot's face was a study. Japp went on. "There were we, taking all this Black Hand stuff seriously—and all the time it was

the footman!"
"The footman?" I gasped.

"Yes. James, or whatever his name is. Seems he laid 'em a wager in the servants' hall that he could get taken for the old man by his nibs—that 's you, Captain Hastings and would hand him out a lot of spy stuff about a Big Four gang."

"Impossible!" I cried.

"Don't you believe it. I marched our

gentleman straight to Hatton Chase, and there was the real Ryland in bed and asleep, and the butler and the cook and God knows how many of them to swear to the wager. Just a silly hoax—that 's all it was—and the valet in with him."

"So that was why he kept in the shadow,"

murmured Poirot.

After Japp had gone we looked at each

other.

"We know, Hastings," said Poirot at last,
"Number Two of the Big Four is Abe
Ryland. The masquerading on the part of the footman was to ensure a way of retreat in case of emergencies. And the footman—"
"Yes," I breathed.

"Number Four," said Poirot gravely.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA. BY MICHAEL ORME.

"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," (HEPWORTH PICTURE PLAY.)

RITISH films are slowly but surely coming into their own. Mr. Cecil Hepworth's production, "Comin" Hepworth's production, Thro' the Rye," which was shown to the Trade uncompleted, owing to the illness of Mr. Shayle Gardner, has now been carried to its "happy-ever-after" conclusion, and should delight the many admirers of true artistic film work during its run at the Scala Theatre. Naturally, Helen Mathers' famous book could not form the foundation for sensational "thrills" and hair-raising situations. Though there is plenty of action in the well-known story, it unfolds quietly, serenely, with all the grace and charm of the leisurely Victorian era. And it is this charm that Mr. Hepworth, one of our most imaginative producers, has captured so successfully.

The typically English settings are a joy to behold. Old-world gardens and quiet interiors alternate with the field of rye where the lovers meet and part—a trystingplace that changes with the changing seasons from golden glory to bare brown earth. An excellent company (with Alma Taylor and Shayle Gardner as the lovers, and Eileen Dennes as the early Victorian proto-type of the modern "vamp") strike just the right note of sincerity beneath a veneer of Victorian "manners": the girls are like prim peonies in their furbelowed crinolines; the men live up to the dignity of chokers and tall hats. And to induce in us the right mood for this old-fashioned lovestory of grandmama's days, Mr. Hepworth's dainty, delicate prologue, in which some of the principal players appear in person has been most fortunately retained.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY for ALL

The SKETCH Poster Design

AST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE Sketch, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours; as is the design on the cover of this issue of The Sketch. The designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of The Sketch—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

I. Any artist may send in any number of designs.

2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2 by not later than the first post on March 10, 1924.

3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.

4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of The Sketch.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.

N.B.-OWING TO MANY REQUESTS AND TO ENABLE COMPETITORS TO OBTAIN THE BEST RESULTS, WE HAVE EXTENDED THE TIME OF SENDING IN TO MARCH 10th NEXT.



For children, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness-Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

No Stage-Door Habitués of the theatre in England, who know how Cerberus. Cerberus. rigorously the access to the actors' dressing-rooms is defended by the Cerberus at the stage-door, would be surprised to find how easy it is in Paris to go and have a chat with an artist behind the scenes. No passes, as in England, counter-signed by the stage-manager, and often refused at that. The stage-door keeper will not only leave you unmolested if you walk straight in, but, if you ask where the dressing-room you want is situated, he will often give you such sketchy indications that if you are not careful you may find yourself entering the wrong door and letting yourself in for some quite surprising adventures. At a répétition générale it is almost an insult to an actor or actress with whom you have the slightest acquaintance not to go round and offer your congratulations after at least one act, if not after all; and I sometimes wonder how they ever manage to get on with the play.

Of course, there are exceptions to the rule. Actors who have toured in England tend to adopt the more rigorous British method, and Sacha Guitry is harder to see than a Prime Minister. As for the Opéra, Opéra-Comique, and Comédie Française, they are State theatres, and therefore virtually Government offices, and they are conducted in the traditional red-tape manner. There are severe rules and regulations, and it is not at all easy to get inside. It is not always easy even to send flowers inside, which seems very cruel. At the Opéra floral offerings can get no further than the porter's lodge at the foot of the stairs, and on great nights the happy porter sits in the middle of a sort of con-This is so especially on the nights when the ballet appears, and it was very much so last week, when Mlle. de

Craponne made her first appearance in the rank of première danseuse. The large bouquet, in the middle of which were live gold-fish swimming in a bowl around a real silver water-lily, was a new idea in tributes of the kind which may be recommended to those who are hard up—for ideas, I mean. The reason for these severe restrictions at the Opéra is that a single petal of an orchid or leaf of a rose, if it were inadvertently carried on to the stage, might give a dancer a very nasty fall; but I am afraid ces demoiselles do not like them. They will not be reasonable.

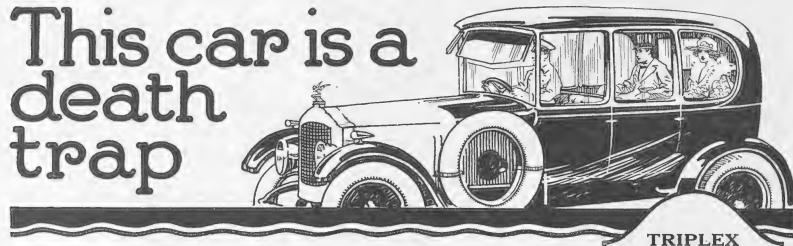
A New Theatrical Of course, the members of the Comédie Française com-Quarrel. pany can always receive their friends if they want to, and the distinguished doyen of the company, M. Silvain, who is so angry just now about his wife being superannuated, receives in a quite princely manner. It is a joy to see him playing the host in the costume of one of his classical parts, to which he is in the habit of adding nothing, for social purposes, except a pair of modern boots. It appears, by the way, that the two parties into which the recent quarrels over the nomination of new sociétaires and dismissal of old ones has divided the company-and the audience also-have by no means made friends. At the Molière anniversary the other night, when all the members of the company appear together, according to tradition, in the famous Cérémonie, welcome and the other thing were freely expressed by the gallery. Moreover, there has been a new quarrel—this time over a new play by the poet-dramatist, François Porché. This play was to have been read to the company by Mme. Simone, the actress, who used to be Le Bargy's wife, but is now Porché's—it is not easy to keep up to date in these matters. It was not read, because the lady and her husband were kept waiting. So they went away and wrote acid letters to the papers. And the administrator of the Comédie Française, Emile Fabre, who knows a bit about authorship, wrote even more acid letters back. And the play will be acted elsewhere. And, anyhow, Mme. Simone will play Joan of Arc, who is the heroine of the play. And actress and author have obtained a capital free advertisement in advance.

The special note of the The Fashion spring season's fashions will for "Hesitating soon be revealed to us, but I can give you one or two hints in advance. Scarves and handkerchiefs around the neck and the shoulders will be as popular as they are just now. They may take the form of the magnificent embroidered Chinese or Spanish silk shawl with long fringe—all the best antiquity shops are full of them just now; or they may be no more than a bright bandana handkerchief, loosely knotted around the neck or laid flat over the collar. Golden and brocade shoes are more and more pointed, and more and more diminutive. But these are details. The important thing is to know how you are to hold yourself this season, and how you are to walk-for, of course, you must walk in the fashion at least as much as dress in it. The new walk has been described to me by an expert as forming the body into an obtuse angle, bust well forward, hips unobtrusive, and "hesitating knees." You might try it in the drawing-room after dinner—and when you have brought it off I fancy you will find that it will remind you of the Gibson Girl walk, which meant fame, fortune, and a peerage for Camille

Clifford not so many years ago.

I am told that the Prince of Wales enjoyed his few days in Paris. Two dances were given for him—one by the Princesse de Polignac, and the other by Lady Crewe, at the British Embassy.

BOULEVARDIER.



The majority of personal injuries resulting from motor accidents are due to jagged splinters of glass. If you are a car-owner, you should regard it as a measure of elementary prudence to have your car fitted throughout with the only safe glass—Triplex, which cannot splinter or fly under any circumstances.

The small additional cost of having Triplex fitted is the price of safety and peace of mind. It also allows you to take advantage of the substantial rebates off annual premiums that are allowed by several Insurance Companies at Lloyds when a car is fitted with Triplex.

Your coachbuilder or garage fits Triplex, we supply ready in 48 hours. Write for samples and particulars, mentioning "The Sketch."

PROTECT WIFE, CHILDREN & DRIVER

Fit Griplex and be Safe

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO. LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Kennington Service No. 100c.

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS

The value of Triplex is appreciated by many Government Departments. It is extensively used in the Navy, Army, Air Force, the R.A.M.C., Scotland Yard, and the London Underground Railways. All mainline passenger aeroplanes are glazed with Triplex, whilst steamship companies and thousands of private motor owners guard life and limb with the only glass in the world that is absolutely safe.



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THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

SOME OWNERS' OPINIONS:

"My car is a 40/50 Alpine model of 1914, and seems as good to-day as when she was new. I have never had a mechanical trouble in nine years, and during that time she has travelled 31,000 miles."

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"I am more than delighted with the 20 h.p. car. It is perfectly wonderful to drive, most luxurious and far nicer than even anticipated."

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"Rolhead, Piccy, London." ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED
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Telephone: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).





True-Absolutely

The claims we make for Palmolive Shaving Cream may sound exaggerated—but they are not.

We say this cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather, softens the beard in I minute, holds the hairs erect so the razor goes through and not over them and leaves the skin so smooth and easy that no lotion is necessary.

We say this cream is incomparably better than any form of shaving soap you ever used.

of shaving soap you ever used.

These statements are true. You will agree as soon as you have tested Palmolive Shaving Cream for yourself.

Make the test at our expense. Use the coupon.

Shaving Cream

10 Shaves Free To The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21-23, Eagle St., London, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE a ten-shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Address ... Sketch Jan. 30 PI

A "BEAUFORTSHIRE" BUDGET.

The usual push, a blazing Incidents and scent, and a great hunt distinguished the Shipton Accidents.

Moyne day. But how terribly popular the F.M. who had held up the field on what proved the wrong side of the Estcourt Water did make himself! Hounds were six fields ahead of the foremost till nearly into Hyam. A seven-mile point in fifty minutes was enough for most people in the heavy going, and a lot of them beat it after Seagry, missing little, as the last stage was rather spun out. Empty saddles all the way. Captain Frank Spicer, that most gallant thruster, broke his collar-bone between Corston and Rodbourne, which is bad luck

in the middle of all this sport. The Sodbury Vale was the scene of high revelry on the Wednesday, hounds racing over the pet bits of the country. Incident and accident by no means lacked. Master had a fall on his first horse, and the mare galloped off minus her bridle, and was lost in the Vale. George's mare, a brilliant performer, was perforce commandeered next; but, sad to say, she failed to get right up over a fence, perhaps with the extra weight, and staked herself so badly through the chest that she died at once. Nothing more dis-tressing can happen to anyone—but "only a huntsman knows a huntsman's cares."
"Take mine!" cried an anxious friend, hurling himself from his steed. The offer was accepted, and on they went; but the animal was not a succès fou, objecting to "going first," and the one-sided argument developed at every fence! The gallant Gunner Colonel volunteered a chop, and matters went better; but he himself, having taken on the recalcitrant steed, came to a road, and was hailed with surprise and indignation by the owner of the muchborrowed steed, who had boarded a car and come up with the chase. However, everything was explained, all the horses sorted, and "owners up" ruled in the happy end!

Hounds didn't make the Fun and Fun and
Fencing in the
Dauntsey Vale
Vale Thursday, but there Dauntsey Vale. was lots of fun and fencing to it, and the usual hold-up at the brook. Quite regardless of the lady whose horse was in mid-air at the moment, two wild youths charged it at the self-same spot, and fell-flip-flop-on either side, the centre horse picking his way skilfully over the wreckage as he landed! A miss is as good as a mile, but-- It was the resource and coolness of the Diana who got into that other brook a few days before, out Calne way, that was most impressive. She waded ashore, and, taking off her soaking skirt, folded it up on the bank, and, unencumbered, proceeded to assist in the extrication of her steed with complete success.

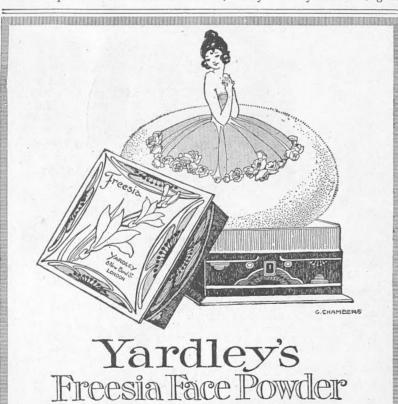
Saturday's crowd, swollen by parties who had attended the Cirencester and Cricklade balls during the week, was bigger than ever. And only about forty cars followed! Lady Worcester is indefatigable, and hardly ever misses a day. All three of the Badminton young ladies have bobbed their hair now, by the way. Lady Irene Curzon, who has been staying with Lady Suffolk, has been out. Lord and Lady Somers gave us a variety touch in the chocolate velvet colour-ing that is the "private and particular" insignia of the Ledbury Mastership. Captain and Mrs. Dixon christened their blue coats in the afternoon deluge, which washed out what little scent there had been.

The "Silkies," or Topper Brigade, have a whole lot of new recruits, including Miss Betty Hankey, Miss Morrison-Bell, Miss Peggy Ward, and Miss Garnett; but (take cover, all ye who exercised the franchise!) Lady Kathleen Crichton gets the vote as the best-turned-out young lady in "Beaufortshire"! Lady Mainwaring had a day early on in the

week. Lord Portarlington hasn't missed much, and young Lord Carlow has enjoyed the holidays. Last week for Etonians-and we've a pretty strong detachment. Lord Erne and the Wards crammed in a lot of hunting; so did Mrs. Arthur Crichton's boy, who has been out often with his Brassey cousins from Dauntsey. Miss Marjory Brassey has taken to a habit and side-saddle, and very well she looks in them. The Fifteenth have left us for Egypt, and some of their horses sold well at Leicester, especially Captain Leaf's Nougat, who topped the list at £350. A whole lot of new soldiers are in the offing, but there are rumours that the Committee is going on strike, the country being already hopelessly over-popular. Something's got to be done about it; it looks like being "Beaufortshire for the Beaufortities, with polite regrets," etc. Gentle ducal hints have not availed to avert damage, nor has the raised cap stemmed the tide sufficiently.

AN INTERESTING REMOVAL.

The well-known advertising agency, G. Street and Co., Ltd., of 30, Cornhill, has been recently installed in new and more commodious premises at 6, Gracechurch Street, E.C. For nearly eighty years Street's have been established at 30, Cornhill, the original founders, at a very early date in the firm's history, having taken a few rooms at No. 30. Gradually extending connection demanded more space until all the upper floors at this address were occupied. Some fifty years back extensive alterations were made, including refronting of the building and the addition of another story. Owing, however, to the property changing hands, it was not possible to conclude a renewal of the lease expiring at the end of 1923; accordingly, it became necessary to find other premises, and these were secured in a new building at 6, Gracechurch Street, where five floors will be occupied.



A superfine, adherent Face Powder of the highest quality. Luxuriously perfumed with the fascinating fragrance of the Freesia Flower. It gives to the skin the smooth, delicate tint and fineness of texture which is the charm of a perfect complexion.

Price 3/3 per box.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores and from:



YARDLEY & Co., Ltd.,

By Appointment to

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



Treatment Painlessly and Permanently Destroys any Hair Growth Without Leaving the Slightest Trace. Given

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BURGLARS for LADIES' GUARDS From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.

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PRICES GREATLY REDUCED. 219/229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

The ONLY Tooth Brush that cleans BEHIND the Teeth



If you examine the backs of your teeth you will immediately realise the necessity for using a Dentalux brush.

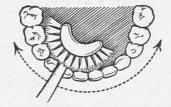
It reaches where the ordinary brush fails to touch and cleans the parts where most germs accumulate.



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If you have any difficulty in obtaining the Dentalux brush you can have one sent you post free by forwarding P.O. for 2/6 direct to :-





ow the "Dentalux" is shaped true of the teeth, and how the wed to and fro from one side ith to the other as indicated by the dotted line.



DENTALUX TOOTH BRUSH COY., LTD., (Dept. S) 35, Ely Place, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.1



One correspondent writes:—"I have tried nearly every well-known make of creams, powders, etc., but have never been nearly so satisfied as with Velouty de Dixor."

Obtainable from all better class Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores. - Full size jar 2/9. Tube for bag, 6d. - FREE.—Three trial size tubes sent upon 2/9. Tube for bag, 6d. - FREE.—Three trial size tubes sent upon receipt of 6d. P.O. or stamps to cover cost of mailing.



Banish HEADACHE



Just swallow two Genasprin tablets—disintegrated in a little water, and your Headache will vanish in a few minutes.

Buy a bottle of Genasprin at your chemists to-day—price 2 /- per bottle of 35 tablets, and always keep a supply handy.

Sole Manufacturers:

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PERFECT FITTING CORSETS

Marshall & Snelgrove beg to announce that they have a large selection of the newest Marchelle Corsets, amongst which are models for every type of figure.

beautifully designed girdle for a medium or heavy figure, requiring nothing above waist line, with a flattening and reducing effect on back hip. Sizes 23 - 32.

27/6

Girdles for the slender figure. Prices 15/6 and 19/6.

VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET E LONDON-WIE



CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET. OU can take it from me that there's nothing more than a pure gamble in all this madness over Germans." Our Stroller, standing on the verge of the

Foreign Market, heard this with his own

ears, as the children love to say.
"I'm not too sure about that," came the reply from the man addressed. "My own opinion is that it's more than a flare-up flutter: that there is something in it more than a German-made scheme to make people buy worthless paper."
"You remember they were selling mark-notes in the Street just lately. Well, it's

all on the same lines: any dodge to get

money for nothing."

The other man shrugged his shoulders. "You may be right," he conceded. "E all the same, the gamble—"
"You admit it's a gamble?"

"Rather. Out-and-out. It shows you, moreover, that people are thirsting for a spec.; doesn't matter what it may be in so long as

a dash of excitement attaches to it."
"Don't you buy Prussians," a jobber advised. "You can't always sell when you

advised. "You can't always sen when you want to: no market at times. Stick to German Bonds."

"It will be no more than a nine days' wonder," commented one of the bystanding brokers. "Everybody has gone a bit dippy over the boom, and we shall see the whole thing dry up before long." Our Stroller turned interrogatively to

his broker.

"I think he's about right," answered that worthy. "Yet one never knows. And I

"Surely you had some?"
"Of course. We all did. -But I sold mine just as the rise started. Can't you hear me grinding my teeth?"

"I wondered what that noise was : sounded to me as if you had a screw loose. Where are you taking me to lunch?"

A boy brought them cocktails, and Our Stroller was greatly interested in the sporting talk that went on all around. The broker comprehended, in one nod, half-a-dozen Stock Exchange men who were discussing

horses and prices.
"I sold my Shells at eleven-thirty-seconds profit this morning," laughed one of the

group, and now I'm going to try to lose it on the Tote. But I think I did right, although the Market is still very hard."

"Hard as nails," agreed another man.

"No go-back worth mentioning. Hopeless to be a bear in that market: of Shells and Dutch, I mean. Other things offer more scope on the bull tack."

"The recent rises in the price of oil are

rather impressive," Our Stroller said. "The companies should be doing well, surely?"

Big ones ought to be. But if an oil company hasn't got any oil-

In such a case, the outlook isn't prepossessing. The Trinidad concerns ought to wake up before long; the things I'd like to see revive."
"So would lots of other people before long; those are

"So would lots of other people," the broker observed. "What I like to notice, though,

is the evidence of better things in the shipping world."
"Some of the big companies have issued very decent reports lately. And another thing that interests me is the extraordinary way that the Riviera hotels are booked up.'

"Yes, that is rather odd; here's nobody got any money, and yet you have to wait your turn for a sleeper, and line up in queues for an hotel."

"Can't wonder at anyone trying to avoid

sampled the Riviera, you always want to go back."

Mind you, I think the papers have a lot to do with making people want to go to Nice and Monte and Cannes, and other The pictures and descriptions, and the jollity that they write about are cal-culated to arouse one's envy."

"Then there's the fall in the franc, and

the cheapness of drinks, and the chance of

making your exes at the tables."
"I'll bet you that the shops and other places regulate their prices with a nice regard for the fluctuations in the franc. Wonder if we shall ever see the franc go better again?"
"French bonde look a little man half."

French bonds look a little more healthy, to my mind. Shouldn't mind having a few, if anyone wants to make me a present.'

There was no immediate rush to respond. "Oh, come along," cried the broker. "Let's see how much the winners of the last race get."

The figures came up, and the winners received about a guinea each.

The pair of them went upstairs to lunch, and fell in with two Stock Exchange men

who were talking about Rubber shares.
"One of these days we shall see prices better, and you can't hurt, even now, with Rubber Trusts or Malayalams. There's no great spring in the market yet, and—well, the shares may be right to lock up."

"I like something more exciting," declared Our Stroller. "Let's go back and put ten bob on the Tote!" Friday, Jan. 25, 1924.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXIII.

SOME ARITHMETIC AND ANOTHER FREAK.

CORRESPONDENT whom it is always a pleasure to hear from, since his remarks and queries on bridge are sound and to the point (while, incidentally, I value his letters the more from the fact that, at the inception of these notes, he and I indulged in a regular paper bridge warfare), asks if I find the "odds" at bridge work out in practice. The "odds" are those I referred to a week or so ago of it being 3 to I in favour of the side which wins the first game winning the rubber; and, conversely, 3 to I against that side which loses the first game.

These said odds were universally understood, and, what 's more, were nearly always included in the rubber points at whist; but, curiously enough, the taking and the laying of these odds was not at the correct rate of 3 to 1, but at the rate of 5 to 2. Plainly, the arithmetical chance about winning (or losing) two even - money chances running is 3 to 1. Toss a coin in the air, and the chance of head or tail appearing is an even one—that is, the head has half a chance and the tail has half a chance of turning up, so the chance against turning up two heads or two tails running is a half multiplied by a half, or a quarter; which in sporting phraseology is 3 to I against. There is no getting away from that fact; just as it is 3 to I against two reds or blacks coming up at roulette (slightly more, of course, since zero may interfere); yet whist-players were satisfied to accept $2\frac{1}{2}$ to I about an obvious 3 to I chance; and to lay $2\frac{1}{2}$ to I on themselves, when really they should have laid 3 to 1good business this latter betting, of course.

Why this was so I cannot y, nor have I ever heard it explained, though, to be sure, in the long end it probably made no difference, for if you go on taking and laying the same odds, be they never so incorrect, the net

result will work out square.

However, all this has little to say in

response to the question: Do I find that the odds work out in practice at bridge? The answer is, "No." The reason is because bridge is not a mechanical affair like tossing a coin or spinning the ball at roulette, nor is bridge on all fours with whist in this respect. The human equation—call it play, if you like—comes into operation and upsets the mathematical odds. It is plain that if two good players happen perchance to lose the first game against two dud opponents, it is nothing like 3 to 1 against the two good players eventually winning the rubber. It is hardly more than 6 to 4 against them. Yet this should map out all square, in the same way as the incorrect odds of 2½ to I taken and laid at whist used to, for it is but 6 to 4 against the good player winning a rubber in which he has lost the first game, it must be some 5 to 1 on him winning a rubber in which he wins the first game, which in the end should level things up. But at bridge this really is not so, thanks, perhaps, to the nature of the game itself; the fact is, the good bridgeplayer has a huge pull over the weak player, more particularly in that department of knowing exactly when it is a paying proposition to win or to lose a rubber, and the good player intuitively works accordingly. This is the one department in which bridge is akin to poker; few players, however, recognise this little peculiarity about bridge, that there is a moment when you should cut your loss-get out quick and get on with the next; and there is a moment when you should head in for all you're worth and stick to it hard and fast. A hunch this, of course, or a sixth sense, but the good player has got it all the time; consequently, the "odds" at bridge are incalculable. Some players I would not take 10 to 1 about, others I would willingly take evens, when it

An amusing freak hand, which was actually played at the Army and Navy Club, is sent to me by a reader, from the Kildare Street

is 3 to 1 against them. Not that it matters really, for the "odds" are not laid at bridge,

perhaps for this very reason.

Club, Dublin, who says "... The writer was in the lucky position of being Z and played the hand. I don't hold a brief for A's declarations."

Score: Love all.

SPADES-Q, 9, 8, 7, 5. HEARTS-None. CLUBS-K, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 2. DIAMONDS-None.

SPADES-4. HEARTS—A, K, Q, 10, 6. A B HEARTS—Kn, 7, 5, 3, 2. Clubs—A, Q. DIAMONDS-A, Kn, 8, 6, 5. DIAMONDS-4, 3, 2. Z

SPADES-A, K, Kn 10, 2. HEARTS-9, 8, 4. CLUBS-None. DIAMONDS-K, Q, 10, 9, 7.

A (dealer)—one no-trump; Y—two clubs; B—No; Z—two spades; A—three hearts; Y—three spades; B and Z—No; A—double; Y—re-double. End.

A led the king of hearts and Z made grand slam: 100 for slam, 81 honours, 100 for insult, 400 for extra tricks, 252 below.

Total, 933 points. Yes, the writer indeed was in "a lucky position." But if he holds no brief for A's bidding, I hope he holds no brief for his partner's calling either. If ever there was an example of stupid doubling and re-doubling, we have it here. What did A expect to do on his double? Get a couple of hundred above, I suppose—this as an improvement on going game in hearts with sixty-four honours! No, A; that was bad; but Y's re-double was far worse—indeed, beyond praying for. Instead of re-doubling, he should have offered up a prayer that the double stood, and that he and partner should annex thereby the higher score. By redoubling, he just asked A to recall hearts. Why he did not do so, A alone knows; had he been alive, he should not alone have bid the fourth heart, but even the fifth, if not the sixth, if necessary. Yes, indeed Z was lucky to have had 933 points presented to him, when he should at most have scored but 244. Some freak hand all ways!